



SHARK OF *Removal*

X Day: Why you're not dead.

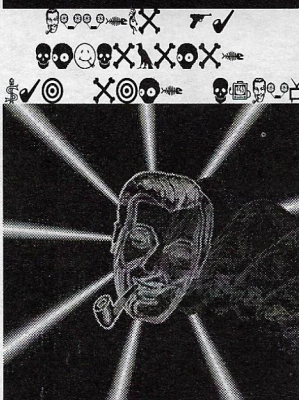
Devivals: Portland/Seattle/Boston

New Shirts!

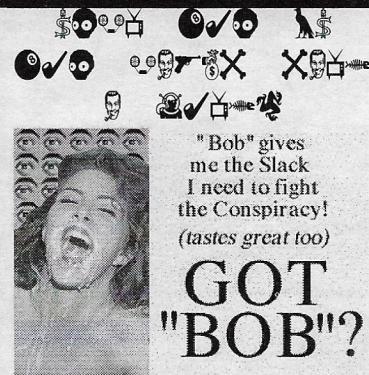
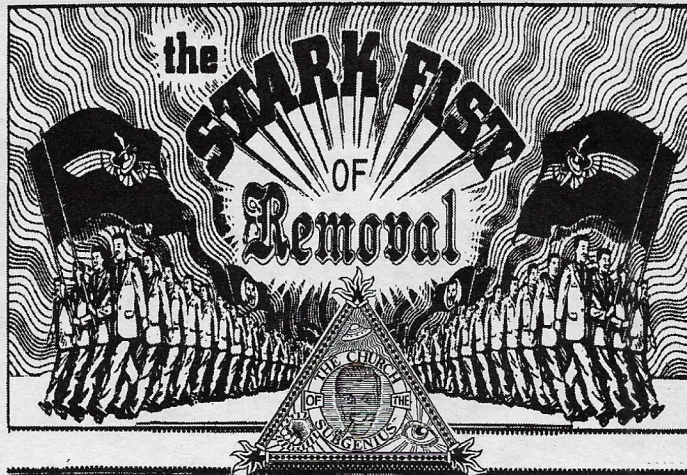
Titties!

Wha'chu talkin' 'bout Willis?

The Official Newsletter of the Church of the SubGenius



NO. 48, VOL. 17



"Bob" gives
me the Slack
I need to fight
the Conspiracy!
(tastes great too)

GOT
"BOB"?

PRICE: \$3.00



THE OFFICIAL NEWSLETTER OF THE CHURCH OF THE SUBGENIUS



BROUGHT TO YOU BY:

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STANGIAN X-DAY REPORT

Well, maybe you shouldn't oughta believe everything you read.

Aside from the obvious -- the world not ending, the Xists not showing up and Dobbs skipping out, and me getting tarred and feathered and publicly humiliated like a sacrificial lamb -- it was the god damned best X-Day that one could sanely hope for. Nobody with Yeti blood got killed, and only the kooks that we wanted to cull out ANYWAY didn't enjoy some of the purest Slack of their lives.

"FAILED PROPHECY"? SO WHAT?? Dobbs

could flub the exact date for the next 200 years straight and *I,* for one, would MAINTAIN DEVOUT and UNQUESTIONING, nay, perhaps even FANATICAL, faith in HIS WORD and HIS PROPHECY. If Dobbs says the world ends JULY 5 1998, then SO BE IT! If he changes his mind and it's July 5 1999 (like Nostradamus said), then "DOS EQUIS" is THE DAY! If Dobbs happens to say, "Well, I decided that the year 2000 has more of a RING to it," then TRIPLE XXX DAY is the Time of Arisal. AS IF IT WAS UP TO YOU OR ME!!!

And there SURE seem to have been a lot of DUMB SHITS who thought it was up to me. ME. I guess all that stuff about that "Bob" Dobbs dude went RIGHT PAST 'EM.

But I understand. The Halfway SubGenii had to have a scapegoat when they were disappointed. They never believed in Dobbs in the first place, so OF COURSE it was that dastardly front-man and highly paid flakcatcher, Rev. Stang, who got tarred and feathered and dunked and humiliated. FINE. At least none may henceforth say that Rev. Stang himself couldn't take a joke. I challenge ANY SINGLE OTHER SUBGENIUS to stand up to what I went through last weekend while retaining any vestige of a shred of the dignity that I did. Well, maybe I didn't retain much dignity. But at least I retained water and didn't pee myself, not that YOU could see, anyway.

For the last year or so I've been quoting this one Dobbs line to people: "The Mystery of X-Day may prove to be a lesson that some SubGeniuses desperately need to learn." And, judging from conversations overheard by Rev. Strange at breakfast at the Brushwood Cafe after the 7 am

TOTAL ABJECT FAILURE, several individuals DID learn that lesson and, PRAISE "BOB," probably won't be SubGeniuses anymore. I bid them fond farewell and wish them the very best of luck convincing a judge that a book with the word "LIES" written all over every page, and the label "humor" (or "science fiction") on the back cover, is worthy of a class action suit.

But above and beyond all that, I keep getting feedback about this "8661" thing, the so-called "upside-down bar napkin theory." HEY -- SORRY if any of you had to go to the TROUBLE of actually READING your religion's BIBLES,

the Old Vault Keeper. But as far as WHY or HOW or even WHETHER this X-Day was as bad a fuck-up as it appears to have been, YOUR GUESS IS AS GOOD AS MINE. No doubt, for many months and years the Bobbies will be debating the ins and outs and pin-head-square-dancing-square-foot-areas for dues paying versus non-dues-paying cowboy angels... and maybe one of the explanations and excuses for X-Day will make sense AND be right.

BUT GOD DAMN IT!!! DID YOU MISS THE VERY FIRST POINT OF THE VERY FIRST LINE OF THE VERY FIRST PAMPHLET

THAT DOBBS PUBLISHED IN 1979?? And I don't mean "Still Only \$1."

Dobbs said that the world ends TOMORROW.

The world ends TOMORROW.

THE WORLD ENDS, *TOMORROW* -- and you may die.

Now, I would venture to say that perhaps not every SubGenius has been living as if every day was the last day of the rest of its life. And I don't blame it. It's easier to act as if today was

the middle day of the middle of one's boring dumb shit life. But GOD DAMN IT, IT AIN'T!!! YOU REALLY ARE GOING TO DIE.

EVERYBODY HERE, WILL DIE. And every prediction you make WILL come true, eventually.

WILL YOU BE READY???? ARE YOU RIGHT WITH "BOB"?

Or are you gonna let his little TRICKS throw you off track? Are you that easily distracted? Will you accept such CHEESY, CHEAP special effects as THIS SO-CALLED "REALITY"???? --ANSWER NO, I CERTAINLY HOPE NOT!!!

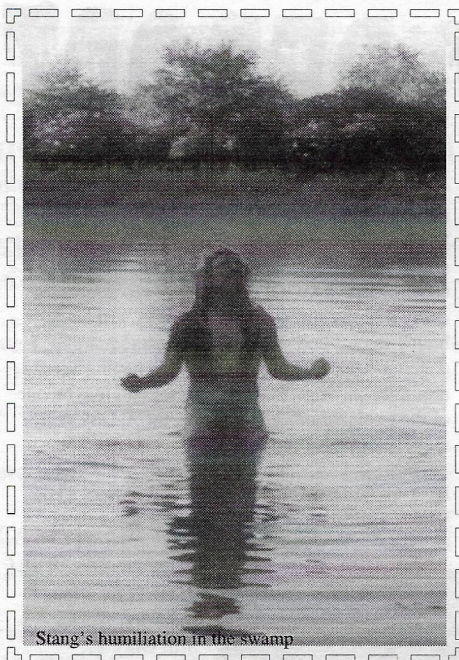
Dobbs SAID you were gonna not only HAVE that whole god damned cake shoved into your face by topless sexy waiters, but that you would ALSO GET TO EAT IT TOO.



THE BOOK OF THE SUBGENIUS, and REVELATION X, but last I heard from those two tomes, there were NUMEROUS PROVISOS for possible X-Day rescheduling... and this "8661" theory is no more true and certain than any of the other hypotheses that are being advanced by the nerdiest SubGenius scholars and monks.

I don't mind being the fatted calf, the sacrificial lamb. I understand that most of you super-geniuses have absolutely no real belief in "Bob" anyway, no more than the average PinChristian believes in God or Jesus. Many of you honestly believe that "Bob" is too good to be true, that there's only these devious hippies and bikers who came up with the Truths by drug-addled committee. FINE. You guys can "believe" or "pay" or NOT, I don't care. It's the real SubGeniuses I'm talking to.

HEY -- I KNOW NO MORE ABOUT X-DAY THAN YOU DO. Sure, I'm more privy to Dobbs' post-X-Day prophecies than most Subs, only because those haven't been published yet and I'm



Stang's humiliation in the swamp

Well, maybe the delay in X-Day has something to do with that. Maybe Dobbs convinced the Elder Gods that he could breed up some better stash, given a little more time. Maybe the PACING was changed a bit to reflect YOUR OWN SORRY UNREADINESS FOR RUPTURE. On July 3, Dr. G. Gordon Gordon related to me this parable:

Two bulls are standing on a hilltop, looking down at a herd of cows down in the valley below. It's a young bull and an old bull.

The young bull says, "Hey, Pops, let's run down there and fuck some of them cows."

The old bull looks at the young bull and replies, "No, let's WALK down there and fuck ALL of those cows."

Maybe that's what Dobbs is up to with this slight rescheduling.

IF NOTHING ELSE, we CERTAINLY have been granted BY DOBBS the PERFECT EXCUSE to hold X-DAY DRILLS AT BRUSHWOOD EVERY YEAR UNTIL THE SAUCERS COME.

Did the JEHOVAH'S WITNESSES quit coming to YOUR DOOR just because their End of the World happened to have fizzled out 6 or 7 times in a row? FUCK no. Did Teacher Chen and God's Salvation Church give up just because God wasn't on TV on March 17th? HELL NO! They just moved out of Dallas.

Well, my friend. I ain't gonna move out from Dallas. I ain't gonna close down the PO Box. I ain't gonna stop whacking together Hours of Slack. "Bob" really did sell it to me; I really did smoke it, all the way down to the nub; and that truly SETTLES it, motherfucker, and I'm UP FOR SCORING SHITLOADS MORE. As diffi-

cult as it is to believe that a PREACHER like J.R. "BOB" DOBBS might LIE or FUCK UP, BY GOBBS, MY FAITH THAT HE CAN REMAINS AS HARD AS A ROCK!!

LET the Discordians, Kibologists and Pink Human Race laugh at us. Most of these are the same people who were already laughing at us for believing in a Dallas millionaire that we had never met -- people who mocked us because of our faith in a man that THEY think is made only of halftone dots. (Not to bother mentioning that these same people worship deities who haven't even been PHOTOGRAPHED yet!!) (LATE NOTE: Kibo (Rev. Kibo, actually -- he joined back in the early '80s) wrote me and said that his people were laughing at us for entirely different reasons.)

LET the especially "sub" of the SubGenii laff and laff and laff at us for spending all that money and time getting our physical asses to Brushwood, when we could have stayed at home like they did, watching X-Files reruns.

BOY, we must have REALLY FUCKED UP.

In fact, that's just what I was thinking every damn time those dozen or so bitches stripped me naked, threw me in the pool and jumped in to smother me with smooth-skinned humiliation and erogenous embarrassment.

I was thinking, "GOD DAMN, if only I had followed the advice of all those REALLY REALLY SMART SUBGENIUSES who said how BAD it would be here! Then I'd be SAFE at HOME in my BATHROOM, ALONE with "BOB"!"

I will admit that I was soundly trounced, totally humiliated, dragged through the mud and shown up for the fraud, charlatan and one-nutted wonder that I am. ON THE OTHER HAND... you know that common nightmare, in which you find yourself naked, slogging through mud up to your knees, running in panic without getting anywhere, while 400 people point at your dick and laugh?

You know that nightmare?

Well, next time I have that nightmare, it'll merely bring back FOND MEMORIES of a GREAT WEEKEND with TRUE FRIENDS.

AND... you know that DEATH shit? Well, when I was in that white limousine, circling Brushwood campground, there was an insane maniac keeping pace with the limo and pounding on the windows with the strength of a madman, screaming that he wanted to KILL ME -- GUESS WHAT?!?!? I WASN'T SCARED. That's right, ALL WHO WOULD MOCK STANG. HEAR ME. I was not

SCARED at any point during the entire X-Day Morn. I TRULY DO NOT FEAR DEATH, NOR YOUR OPINION, nor even what anybody thinks of my dicks or lacks thereof. That's one of the gifts granted me by my time in Church service. Nobody who has taken as much LSD as me could fear death; and by virtue of my understanding of High Unpredictability doctrine as detailed in Neuronics 5:19, I also TRULY CARE NOT WHAT YOU THINK. That is another thing that my WORST ENEMIES have helped me to develop. I am not afraid to be thought a fool. At all. There are many things that I fear (such as seeing other people on the edges of bridges) but among the things that I do NOT fear are DEATH, THE DEVIL, OR YOUR STUPID FUCKING IDIOTIC MAMMALIAN 3rd-DIMENSIONAL PRIMATE NOTIONS!

((NEXT: TAXES!!!))

So, considering, I'm actually pretty god damned proud of myself. And my evil power only grows with the mockery of fools.

Not only that, but I LITERALLY MUST NOT TELL YOU of the things that were for me the BEST parts of X-Day. The last laff? Heh. HEH!

SOME MEMORY HILITES

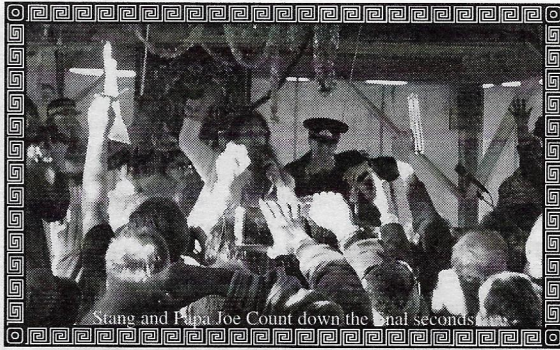
THURSDAY NIGHT

After escaping from a dozen women who had forcibly stripped me and pulled me naked into the pool with them, I walked the few yards to the



pavilion where the rest of the SubGenii were gathered. There I saw 300 men watching another man describe what he thought Slack might be.

Onan, Jesus, Modemac, and Pee Kitty had jumped into the pool full of naked SubGenii women when they heard the giggling and screams. BUT NOBODY ELSE DID!!!! MOST SUBGENIUS MEN sat there and heard out David Lynch's admittedly FINE ranting -- while a planet of naked women were beckoning them from OUTSIDE THE FRAME.



When we run these events we provide a "FRAME". You pay for that frame. That's ALL you pay for. And YET, the BEST shit is OUTSIDE the frame, happening RIGHT BEHIND YOU -- but you were looking up there where the spotlight was POINTING, RATHER than at the AMAZING PERPETRATIONS OCCURRING PRACTICALLY IN YOUR BACK POCKET!!!

We hardly saw Sterno during the Drill.... DAMN! I keep wanting to say Drill. But... I guess it might as well have been a drill. The left horn light on the helmet of the Queen of All the UFOs, DIDN'T start flashing, and the Xists didn't show as planned -- that we know of.

SATURDAY NIGHT

SOMEONE ELSE RANTED AND BELLY DANCED!!! And she brought the house down! It was incredible! CONNIE WALKED THE EARTH!! When my wife first told me she had a little SURPRISE planned, I was worried that the SubGenii would eat her alive. But she activated her teacher voice, and she had those belligerent drunks eating out of the palm of her hand. They could NOT figure what it was about, *I* didn't know what it was about, but when she suddenly stripped off most of her clothes and started bellydancing, classical style, the house went apeshit! For hours people were telling me, "FUCK you Stang, you're the luckiest asshole in the whole universe!"

I was ruptured; I rode my escape vessel; and I achieved PURE ENSLACKMENT with the most beautiful of all the sex goddesses. We made love as if our very lives depended on it. "Bob" was gone, and it was X-Day. And I AM the second luckiest guy in the world.

One of the roughest and toughest looking hombres there, from New Orleans, El Gordo, a guy we've not seen before, a guy who, like Legume in 1992, scared me at first, but by the end I thought he was a REAL FUNNY GUY, -- he said that after someone else did her speech and dance, and I hugged her and kissed her, he got a big lump in his throat (and in his pants)... coming from such a wildman, THAT was a REAL COMPLIMENT. Some were happy to see that family aspect brought out, amidst the hellfire and sinning.

MY TRADITIONAL SATURDAY NIGHT BREAKDOWN -- when I'd been sucked dry and had to hide until the cathartic spew-release occurred. I had to tell Bill T. Miller I was bowing

out of his show so that I might recharge until X-Moment. SUDDENLY, as I lay there in the trailer, vibrating, , the emotional realization FOR SOME REASON sunk in that after 25 years of battle, I HAD QUIT SMOKING CIGARETTES!!! AND I cried and cried and cried. And then I cried about everything else, all my blessings, and all my curses. And then I found someone else with Nickie in the laundry room, crying, because she thought I was gonna sleep through her performance... but together we dragged each others' asses out there and DID WHAT MUST NEEDS BE DONE, NO MATTER!!!

SUNDAY MORNING -- THE PUPPET SHOW

This was one of the things that didn't quite happen as planned. I performed it myself for a crowd of 5 lads when I found the box of puppets while helping with clean-up.

After the world had not ended, after not having slept in days, with Bobbies pestering and questioning me while I proceeded with cleaning up and peeling posters down, I pulled out the puppets and displayed them. I grabbed the Elder God and the "Bob" puppet and acted out the Emaculation. I used the Pinks puppets and acted out "Bob" trying to sell them on their doom. I pulled out the "SubGenius" puppets and had them worshipping the "Bob" puppet until 1998, when nothing happens, then I pulled out the Stang puppet and had the SubGenius Puppets beat the Stang puppet. THE END. Only 5 saw it. It was a spur of the moment thing, but at least those 5 and me will remember that it was a pretty funny show!

I think the Church in general came out looking good; I came out looking good; everybody came out looking good except the shithheads that came and shat in the hot tub, and they weren't even SubGeniuses.

This year, the whole massive event was being covered not only by us jackanapes with our Shakyccams, but also by Tom and Richard, the actual real filmmaker guys who'll probably turn the footage into a documentary on PBS by which all future generations besides the READERS will know SubGenius. They seemed like pretty cool Yetinsyny (albeit newbies) so I have high hopes for the eventual use of this footage.

I am going to go pass out now.
From X-DAY EVE:

SOMEONE ELSE'S RAPT

Before the mass marriage takes place, on such a joyous occasion, I strongly feel that I have had an extensive amount

of experience in this subject and would like to share with you a different perspective. It only seems appropriate that at this most solemn moment we look to the all knowing, all powerful, and all sexual Connie Dobbs. After all, she is the goddess of beauty, and justice, of intuition, of war, peace, as well as, all things... curious!

I've been thinking about when Stang was first contacted by "Bob". It was a curious time. That was almost 20 years ago. Stang and I had already been married for four years. Come September 14 we will celebrate our 25th wedding anniversary.

When we got married we broke many "coolness" rules even before "Bob"'s path was



revealed to us. EVERYONE was sleeping/ living with everyone else. Casual sex was rampant. While all the hippies were jumping from bed to bed, we got MARRIED! Driving a Volvo was cool.... we drove a Honda.

When everybody else started giving up and working for the con, we concentrated on slack. Somehow that led us to babies ... when everyone else was still single. Everything that we did seemed totally opposite from our acquaintances, but, honestly, most things we did weren't cool and still aren't! But back to the point, WE'RE STILL MARRIED!

You know how the Conspiracy wants to tear down everything on it's way to that money tree.

The con wants to suck the nental life out of you . When they finish scraping out your brain pan, you won't even be worth the fancy clothes on your back. The con's not interested in paying for anyone's



home life, they want EVERYTHING . The people in THIS conspiracy think that they must work for The Man to have all the "finer things in life", responsibilities for lots of extra things and other people.

The con thinks that if they keep females subservient that life will go back to the good old days. What men don't really accept is that there WERE no "good old days". Women never WERE subservient, we just didn't want to pull the plow. Yeah, some men give lip service to equality, but that's all. What men really don't accept is that women are not only extra-equal, but we actually DO control them.

I know what happens when a dick stands up. Women manipulate and have complete control. Men just can't come to terms with this. Yeah, they beat their chests and grunt but, when it comes down to it, who's pulling the strings? Connie!! "Bob" himself said that there CAN be Connie without "Bob", but there can be no "Bob" without Connie.

It was the Bitches who woke things up at the SubGenius Convention in Chicago 10 years ago. The women made that plain when we kicked all the tedious old men off stage as we shouted "No head, No head!" We have since lost interest in the old Arnie's head. Too much talk, not enough action. We ARE partial to pure delight ! WE SAY: Remember---Over every Over Man is an Over Woman, but only when SHE wants him on top.

In the Book of the SubGenius, Connie is de-



Ivangelical Battle Armor

scribed as operating on the surface tension border of the Luck Plane between her and "Bob". That plane is a fairly curious place Riding on that luck plane is TRICKY business.

As the End Times have approached, I've done a lot of reflecting on this very matter - curiosity. Too much has already been said about curiosity and the End Times. So a while back I called on Connie, curious as to what she would say I should rant about. Connie told me to shut up and to keep the Luck Plane properly stirred up. AND DANCE LIKE MY VERY LIFE DEPENDED ON IT !!!!

**Note: This was followed by a striptease/ belly dancing performance which brought the house to it's knees in praise of Connie!*

someone else—
(The Teacher Formerly Known As Mrs. Smith)

A Message from

SUBGENIUS NATION

Susie the Floozie

So-at long last, it's all over but the shitting. Now that we've been left reeling from the aftershocks of X-Day, many of us are regarding the rubble around us with bitter disappointment. I had certainly expected to be among that number, but something else occurred out there in the woods that I hadn't planned on. I know what I witnessed at Brushwood, seekers, and it was truly apocalyptic.

I went not knowing what to expect, but with the background sensation that we would all be ripped off. As I put it, "One way or another, we're all gonna finally get FUCKED REAL GOOD by "Bob"! Whoo-HOO!!"

But I never expected to be feeling such righteous afterglow from the spiritual mugging we all suffered.

SURE, Stang and Jesus are brazen charlatans who took advantage of our willing gullibility, and SURE, the chance of actual redemption from the skies was about zilch point shit. Still, I tried to keep that wool pulled and to be a starry-eyed little seeker for the Cause, although deep inside there was the feeling that we were about to get the Big Burn of

All Time. But something mystical happened out there in that SubGenius Sweat Lodge, and I know I'm not the only one who felt it.

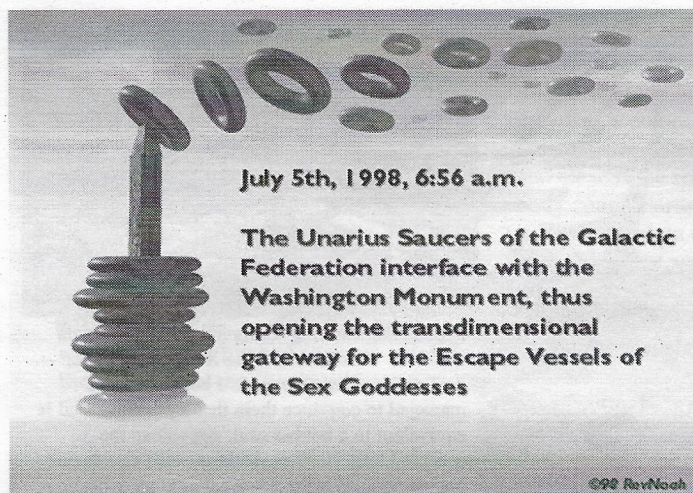
The night of X-Day Eve, I took my boombox full of apocalyptic easy-listening music out into the middle of the Bigass Brushwood Field and stood out there, naked and alone in the dewy grass beneath a sky screaming with stars, and I danced an EndTimes Dance in the dark--and as I swirled, everywhere I looked was alive with Our People.



Sister Decedence and Susie the Floozie

The night air pulsed with SubGenius life. All around me was a ring of their glowing campfires, and the sounds of their last-night-on-Earth revelry carried through the cold night air and blended with the atmospheric schmaltz. And suddenly, I was moved to tears of absolute joy by it all. This was no longer a raggedy-ass convocation of bitter misfits and fucked-up loners--suddenly, we were a great SubGenius Nation. At that point of satori alone there in that field, I sobbed like a fucking baby over it--and in that crystalline, perfect moment, I knew what it was really all about.

Waiting for the saucers to arrive was a lot of kicks, sure. But that wasn't the be-all and end-all of the game. Yeah, we got burned--but at the same time, something stronger in us all got forged in those fires. We're in this Church from the start because of our mutually shared pain and discontent, and at the risk of sounding just too fucking sweetness-and-light, WE HAVE EACH OTHER. That's where our power and our true menace to THEM has always lain--but by the same token, we can draw the solace and strength we need for our basic survival from the fact that we ARE a solid, cohesive SubGenius family. Every one of us has a part around "Bob"'s big dinner table, passing that steaming tureen of Slack to the Yeti next to you and happily digging into the soul-satisfying feast of Dobbs with our brethren. Sure, we're a dysfunctional family, but we're made of superior material to start with--and our version of the home game has much more amusing and fascinating characters, like our oily Daddy Stang and our badass Uncle K'Taden and our sweet Little Brother Onan and our silken



July 5th, 1998, 6:56 a.m.

The Unarius Saucers of the Galactic Federation interface with the Washington Monument, thus opening the transdimensional gateway for the Escape Vessels of the Sex Goddesses

Sister Lilith and our crusty ol' Grampa GGGordon. (Ha!) And you can just think of me as your slutty sister Susie who laughs it off when you walk in on me when I'm douching in the tub...

This past week, I got more bang for my membership buck than I ever thought possible. This Church has given me (and I hope many others) something immeasurable, and I am absolutely SHINING from it all. With lovely SubGenius friends like these, I can glibly chortle, "FUCK the Sex Goddesses!" and laugh off the sting of brutal disappointment. Maybe we didn't get off this planet, but for some weird-ass goddamn reason, I don't exactly mind living on shitball Earth as much as I did a week ago. And that in itself is a miracle of the first fucking water, Baby.

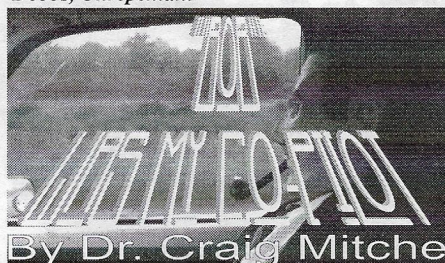
Sure, this cult is founded on a big fucking joke--but our dedication to our own is totally fucking serious. Any lameass shitstain who doubts we're a family can just look at the outpouring of support for poor stricken Pee Kitty. Maybe we didn't get off this planet, but we can use our new solidarity to create a SubGenius paradise for the Yetinsyn here on Earth.

And by the way, yes, that WAS a huge mother-fucking "X" in the clouds in the pink light of early dawn on X-Day morning, and I hopefully got photographic proof of it. It was truly a beautiful thing to see the tangible sign of Dobbs' covenant with his people afire in the skies over our Great SubGenius Nation.

"O Brave New World, that has such creatures in it..."

Boy, do I ever need a frickin' cigarette.

**Rev. Susie the Floozie [Kiss mark here]
The New Post-Apocalyptic Reformed Church of
Dobbs, Unrepentant**



This is the tale of my travels with ""Bob"". It was my privilege to transport the effigy of J.R. "Bob" Dobbs from the House of Stang to the pre-scripted site of X-Day: The Brushwood Folklore Center in New York state.

It was a hot and steamy June night in Dallas when ""Bob"" was retrieved from his perch high up in the House of Stang. Someone else and I had just returned from a sweaty club in Deep Ellum where we had witnessed a cloned reproduction of Man or Astro-man? perform a spirited set of anti-music. It was a fitting send-off for ""Bob"" and me.

Strapped into the front seat of my small truck we headed off into the dark Texas night; a sublime sense of SLACK permeated the cab. I sensed the next two weeks would be extraordinary. We weren't driving directly to Brushwood, I intended to visit relatives along the way to say farewell before the great "rupture."



I'd be lying if I said he was a great conversationalist, I'm pretty sure he wasn't the source of the voices in my head.

Our journey north and east was fortunately free of trouble. The power of true SLACK was with us as we journeyed through the heart of the "pinklands." At one point along the way I was nearly out of gas when I desperately took the first available exit. It was close to sundown as I drove along an obscure road in search of an open gas station. Then, shining bright in the twilight with fluorescent glory, was the word "DOBBS"! There on the roadside was a large windowless structure also simply labeled "DOBBS" in pseudo-old-English lettering. It was an omen and I was astonished, to say the least. It was a Kodak moment.



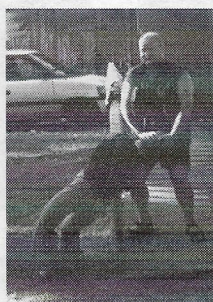
Arriving at my brother's house in West Virginia, there was much merriment. ""Bob"" heartily participated, readily becoming the center of attention. All who met this manufactured salesman were captivated, and made happy; it was a miracle to behold.



Next I visited what's left of my family in New Jersey. I have an uncle who essentially hasn't changed a bit in all the years I've known him. He bears an uncanny resemblance to ""Bob,"" and it was destiny that they meet. They took a liking to each other immediately, but it was with my female cousins and their girlfriends where a real resonance with ""Bob"" occurred!



I declined to bring ""Bob"" to a small family reunion (despite my uncle's pleading). Heeding the advice of Rev. Jesus in the last issue of The



Stark Fist, I did not feel they were ready for the word of ""Bob,"" and I didn't want to spend the weekend explaining the Church and its doctrine to them. ""Bob"" spent the weekend in silent excremeditation in my cousin's garage, while I had a great time on Long Island.

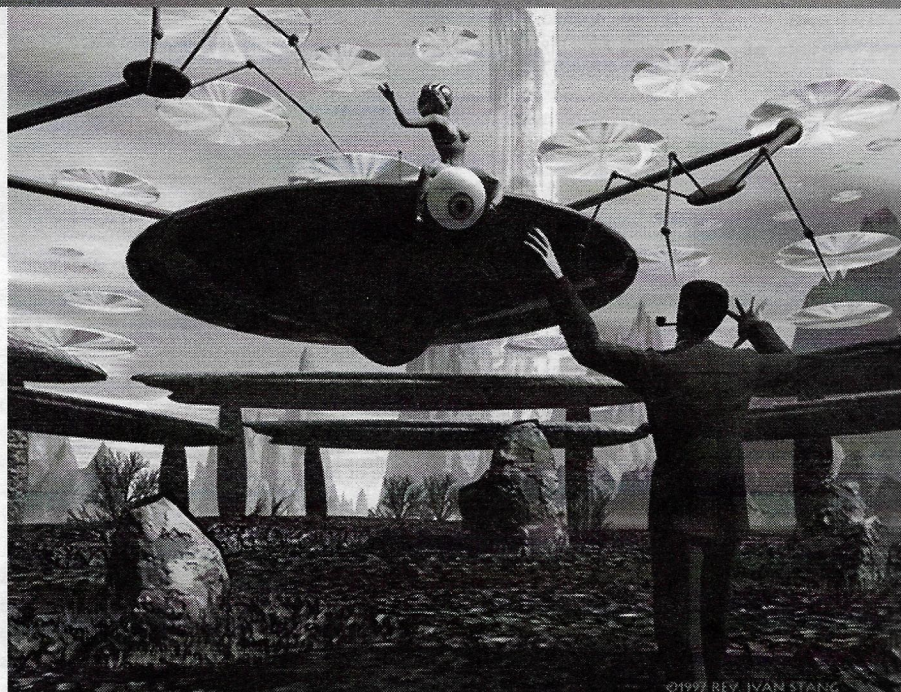
The final leg of our journey together was the trip west across New York state. It was a dark and rainy day as we drove along the Southern Tier Expressway. Was this a signal of the endtimes? Our last hours together on the road were quite peaceful, but I knew that would last only until I entered the grounds of Brushwood. As all those who were there know, the spectacle of X-DAY was burned into the minds of all who participated.



""Bob"" became a pawn in the struggle between the Ivangelicals and the Holocaustals. The abuses laid upon him nearly (but not quite) compared to the ritual humiliations Stang was subjected to all weekend long. I could not bear to bring his defiled and stained carcass back to Texas with me. Luckily for ""Bob,"" Sivet and Ydnar volunteered for that grisly duty. Happily, ""Bob"" is back in the House of Stang as I write this, perched on the dangerous stool of death, waiting for another load of FROP!

I will always remember my road trip with ""Bob,"" it was a special time.

K-DAY K-CUSES



From: efwbear@hibernia.ca (e/w bear)

My theory is that they (the Xists) arrived and departed without making contact because they were too small to be noticed. SubGeniuses on the whole are large people who blunder through life without ever pausing to look at their shoes. If they had, they would have noticed hundreds of tiny Xist saucers about the size of bottlecaps lying around on the ground. Of course the tall grass may have made it difficult to see, which is why I suggest the next event be held in a mall parking lot, preferably somewhere more central like Des Moines or Omaha. They have K-marts there, don't they?

A corollary theory: The Xists left in a bad mood after suffering heavy losses as drunken Subs stumbling senselessly about crushed their tiny vessels beneath their big hairy feet.

-ebear

From: "kevbob"

<kevbob.AllsPaM@ecsis.net>

sorry man,
i don't buy it.

i was looking at the ground an awful lot, trying to determine whether or not my next step would be upon flat ground or another achilles stretching rock.

also, i kept finding empty beer bottles, which in fact had nothing to do with the proximity of devo whatsoever.

the grass wasn't too tall. in fact, the only two gripes i had about the grass was:

1) it collected dew in the wee hours. this made my feet wet. this must stop.

2) it covered the little itty bitty hills and valleys that made my achilles go *ping*. this must stop as well.

unless of course the x-ists were transfixed by dave lynch channeling on stage, and were trampled to death by the horde of horny yeti's running to the pool.

From: btm@billtmiller.com (B T M)

The X-ists WERE THERE at BRUSHWOOD on X-DAY! While most of the FLOCK were playing around with limos, kool-aid, scraps of paper and pink feathers, THE RUPTURE happened for SOME OF THE SLACKFUX!

KING OF SLACK was RUPTURED!!!!

Still...THE ONLY X-cuse THAT MADE PERFECT SENSE was:

FUCK 'EM IF THEY CAN'T TAKE A JOKE!

From: Modemac

<modemac@shell1.tiac.net>

You need an X-cuse?

It's simple.

"Bob" screwed up.

What else should we expect from him?

From: Andrew King <king@charlie.cns.iit.edu>

I believe that the X-ists got a better deal and we were bumped. I bet the whales managed to convince them that a plankton soul is equivalent to a bobbie soul. Of course the accepted ratio is three plankton souls equals one bobbie soul. But the whales would have been able to offer a lot more souls... I think the whales are on the saucers. I haven't seen any around here since X-day.

-Rev. Andrew, First Church of the Atlantic (in exile)

From: opalpeacock@aol.com (OpalPeacock)

A. "Bob" is pulling the old 'bait and switch'. When we indignantly demand 'triple our money back' for lack of satisfaction, he's going to nod sympathetically at us, click his tongue, FEEL OUR PAIN, and then sell us the bigger, better, sexier, top-o-the-line, brand spankin' shiny new upgraded version of Salvation by Alien Sex Fiends bent on spiriting us away after torturing our enemies more cataclysmically than we have heretofore even been able to imagine in our most orgasmic power fantasies and all this for ONLY TWICE THE PRICE OF THE OBSOLETE MODEL!

-Headmistress, Branch Salacians

From: bobdiddle@aol.com (Bobdiddle)

Their advance scouts got one look at Jesus' bare chin, and thought it was "the mighty man and his chin", and turned around. "'Bob's" deal ain't that good," they were telepathically heard to say. For Christ's sake, Jesus, grow that beard back!

-Bob Diddle, Last Bobtist Church of the Pretty Far North

From: btm@billtmiller.com
(B T M)

JUST be GLAD that SOMEBODY stopped JEEZUS before he SHAVED HIS HEAD and CARVED an "X" in his forehead.

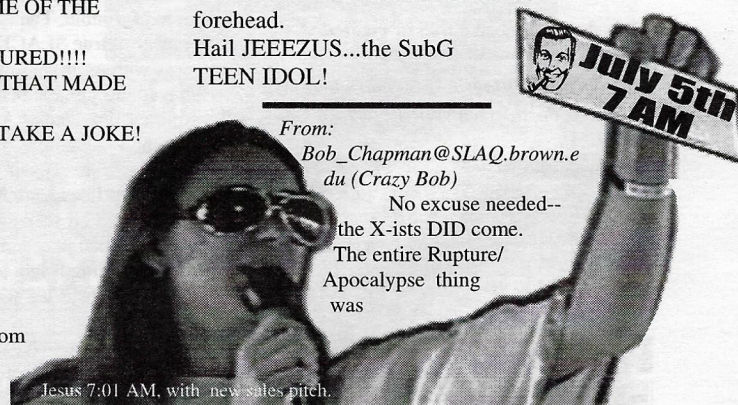
Hail JEEZUS...the SubG TEEN IDOL!

From:

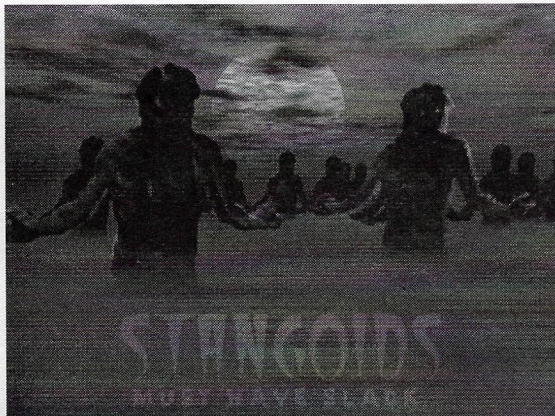
Bob_Chapman@SLAQ.brown.e
du (Crazy Bob)

No excuse needed--
the X-ists DID come.

The entire Rupture/
Apocalypse thing
was



Jesus 7:01 AM, with new sales pitch.



just a lot less dramatic than expected. As each time zone rotated beneath the saucers, they used their Time Control engines to freeze time, collect every paid-up SubGenius, let them wreak havoc until they got bored with it, and rebuild all the destruction. They then cloned all the ruptured SubGenii, gave them memory implants, wiped everything after the Rupture, and put the clones back on Earth. Then they turned off the time freeze and let the Earth spin to the next time zone.

In short, we don't KNOW what the X-ist plans ultimately are for this planet of clocks, but they have more in mind than just destruction and they want us poor clones down here so that nobody suspects their presence. I get the willies every time I even TRY to imagine what they're up to (though I have the willies in general cos I finished Gravity's Rainbow last night) but I know that when the time comes clones of SubGenii will be liabilities! You think they're gonna let a buncha CLONES on the pleasure saucers? HELL NO!

Should we take solace in the fact that another genetic version of ourselves IS enjoying Perfect Slack? HELL NO!

We've been CHEATED out of perfect Slack! CHEATED by our FORMER SELVES! We must rebel against the slackless sons of bitches (and bitches, of course) we used to be and make sure that we get more SLACK than they ever dreamed of! We must be sure that when the time comes we have enough clones and newly discovered SubGenii to take down the Ruptured Ones AND the X-ists! This is WAR!

To this end, I have changed my name from StCrazyBobtheDestroyer to StCrazyBobtheClone and started organizing the First Underground Clone Army of Resistant SubGenii (FUCARS). Anybody who wants to organize the Second can be my guest.

-StCrazyBobtheClone

From: alberich@iglou.com (Mark Kinney)

Dobbs approached the Xist Advanced Task Force, and said "Hey, you know, these souls ain't gonna be nearly as good quality as they'll be if you wait, say, six thousand six hundred sixty three years for them to properly ripen. Of course, the higher quality will bring a higher price, but I'm sure you'll find it worth the extra..."

Hey, he's the fucking Saint of Sales

for a reason.

From: "Abbot Costello"
<jeff_howe@yahoo.com>

They did come. We have all been transformed in "Bob," but the prophecy was, like all prophecies worth shit, metaphorical. The "pleasure saucers" that everyone was looking for are obviously a reference to our own minds, or at least the naughty bits of them, and we are all now fully empowered to use them for whatever purpose we wish. The "sex goddesses" are the other SubGenii, especially the Irrev. Friday. I'd go on, but anyone who understood the

prophecy correctly is already recreating reality around them, and anyone who thought we were going to get an "E-ticket" space ride with a bunch of "Star Wars" cantina rejects needs to get their tiny little bobby minds out of the Linear mode and into sixth-dimensional slacktastrophe thinking.

-Abbot Costello Tripodes
"slick, slack, whatever"

From: slord@tenemant.thecity (Slumlord)

My theory is that it's all a buncha bullshit except for slack and the CON and the Church has a perfect chance now to distance itself from this kinda crap but instead chooses to cling to it like a dead Dungeness crab stuck on some drowned guy's dick.

From: twgs@whatsthepoint.net (Jahweh D. Lynch)

Excuse #308. Parked in a handicapped space- got towed.

From: Steve Slack <Obnastic@erols.com>

Waddya mean they didn't make it. ONE saucer came for Stang and Shelby, Friday, Susie, and Legume and his wife. Bastards sold us out. Had a plan with 'Bob' all along to sneak out the back door. We can exact revenge on their 'clones' but it still ain't the same.

From: Joshua Horton
<jhorton@cceb.upenn.edu>

If that's the case, the Xist transmogrification didn't work out so well on Legume's clone. It's salty as an old sea dog! Somebody tell "Bob" that the surgery didn't go so well...

-Ginsu

From: clbundyREMOVE@indy.net (Christopher Lee)

It's simple, and it's something we NEVER even considered. Someone forgot to Slackatize the Eschaton.

I'll *try* to remember to do that next year.

-Rev Dr Christopher Lee, Church of Homer Simpson, Boddhisattva

From: Locnar@IgLou.com (Randolph S. Vance)

You wanna know why the X-ists never showed? At first, I thought it was because Angel of Death and I shot them down as they were flying in formation over Brushwood on the night before.

Then I thought it was because I decided to drop acid for the first time in my life, and specifically timed it so I'd be tripping at 7:00 am on the 5th. I had figured if there was a time and place for it, that was it.

THEN I thought it was because I was so ugly that the X-ists were afraid I'd contaminate the rest of the herd.

But now I realized it wasn't any of those reasons, it was JUST BECAUSE I WAS THERE that the X-ists passed everyone else up.

Sorry for the inconvenience.

-Rev. Locnar

From: bmguth@mtco.nospam.com (Reverend AmphibiousAssault)

And here we find the REAL reason why Loccie is so despised.

-Amph, Reverend AmphibiousAssault, Church of the Inevitable Revolution
"History Ends Right Now!"

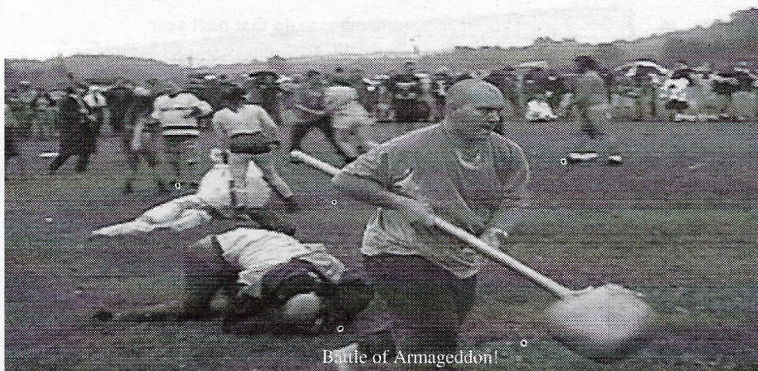
From: twgs@whatsthepoint.net (Jahweh D. Lynch)

It was NOT MY FAULT. I had nothing to do with it in any way shape or form. As fun as it would be to think that I had the power to shape the course of world events on such a grand scale, I'm just an ordinary guy. If any one man is destined to determine the fate of the human race, that man is "Bob", not me. I don't have anything to do with any of this; I'm just along for the ride. And the Slack.

-Thank you.

Friday Jones and Rev Ivan Stang prepare for battle





Battle of Armageddon!

irrelevant, they are still shaken and wobbly, having only an inkling of the experiences that will come slamming home any time now.

NOB
ODY DRIVE
ANYTHING
HEAVY.

From: !!!bmyers@ionet.net (TarlaStar)

It was all a dream and when I go into the bathroom, Bobby will be taking a shower...

From: phinarco@my-dejanews.com

I think it's cuz they were late to pick up a pizza on Alpha Centauri so they just blew the whole thing off. HAHAAHAHAH! That's so damn funny I just about... bust a gut. HAHAAHAHAH! Uh...

--Phineas

From: Felix The Cat <jontomas@goodnet.com

Must I continue to tell the story? Shit. O.k. Here it goes one more time.

"Bob" informed us that the Xists were arriving through a time space worm hole through the polar ice caps of the moon.

The "YY" Squadron was scrambled from the underground catacombs of Dallas HQ consisting of 5 anti-gravity Aurora class fighters armed with particle guns and pie. "Bob" was leading in a modified Senior Citizen Class Aurora armed with cancerous waste and party favors.

Three other squadrons were scrambled from Phoenix, Mexico City, and one more underwater hidden base somewhere in the Bermuda Triangle.

At 6:12 am we engaged the Xist Fleet which only consisted of a small detachment of intoxicated and poorly motivated assholes. There was a small skirmish and we suffered many losses. However, the Cuthulu Ground Based Operations came to our rescue destroying 13 saucers with a death laser which refocused the Sun's rays onto the attacking swarm.

Two saucers escaped and began an assault on the Phoenix Base. From the Reservation, the last clone of Elvis Presley commanded Ground Defense well but was killed destroying the last ship which crashed and then dissolved.

We later learned upon arriving back to base that "Bob" having suffered from laser burns crashed and died. Or perhaps the lung cancer finally got to him.

From: nospamum@radix.net (MegaLiz)

It is my unshakable conviction that while we were expecting Pleasure Saucers, many of us missed the preliminary fleet of Pressure Tossers. This is EXACTLY why so many still claim to have been ruptured, they WERE, and having had a preview tour where space, time and roundish objects are completely

From: Joshua Horton <jhorton@cceb.upenn.edu

Basically, the fact that the world pretty much is just how it always has been does not imply that the X-ists are not here now. Basically you expected too much from an alien civilization of planet Earth due to the Hollywood antics of the Church of the SubGenius. You expected bloody rubber suits like GWAR, and when that failed you assumed the worst. Faithless slack vampyres, all you! The X-ists arrived and they are affecting planet Earth at the only level that they can get away with it. LIVE IT, or LIVE WITH IT.

-Ginsu

From: donfnord@my-dejanews.com

Unlike my subscription of Stark Fist, the Xists DID arrive, precisely on schedule. Their passing was VERY CLEARLY marked by the phantasmal "X" in the sky. HOWEVER...

Despite what Revelation X has to say, The Rupture is not an instantaneous affair (that bit of misinformation was for the benefit of Conspiracy spies). Oh my, no. The Rupture is an ongoing, subtle event. For the next few years, The Men from Planet X will walk among us, quietly slipping us off-planet, and on to the Great Reward (or Great Return on the Great Investment).

You'll never know when.

You'll never know where.

And, naturally, they'll only be whisking off the Paid-Up, so, lucky you, you miserly procrastinators, there's STILL TIME TO BUY YOUR TICKET.

And, once bought, keep it on you at all times. Just imagine this scene:

You're in a meeting. At work. It's dark, cause it's one of those goddam PowerPoint presentations Marketing is so fucking fond of. Naturally, just like every Wednesday at two o'clock, you're starting to doze off. Frank is yammering on about accounts and projections and fiscal years and WHATEVER... and you see... It.

It may be something like a near-death experience. It may involve your coworkers spontaneously combusting. It may involve your own spontaneous DISMEMBERMENT. And as the Xist pokes through your pockets, looking for your ordainment card, the sickening truth dawns on you...

And you sputter, through blood-coughing fits...

"I left it in my other pants.."

DON'T LET THIS HAPPEN TO YOU.

-Haj Don Fnordlioni

From: p-lil@ZubJenius.com (Popess Lilith von Fraumench)

You see, the Xists did arrive on schedule. They took one look at our vast membership of 10,000 SubGenii, said to themselves, "Bigger than the Mormons, MY ASS," and started a backup plan. They pinched off a temporal bubble containing the planet, and are currently harvesting Pinks left and right for the Elder Gods' benefit. Our NentEssences are already on the saucers, but our physical bodies remain in the original world until we get more dues-paying members. It is incumbent upon us to keep preaching, to keep converting, to heal and sicken, to smite! For we must now dominate this Planet Of The Clocks, until every clocked is smashed and every Yeti is paid up.

So it shall go until we have utterly CONQUERED this planet on our own. THEN, and only then, can we physically escape.

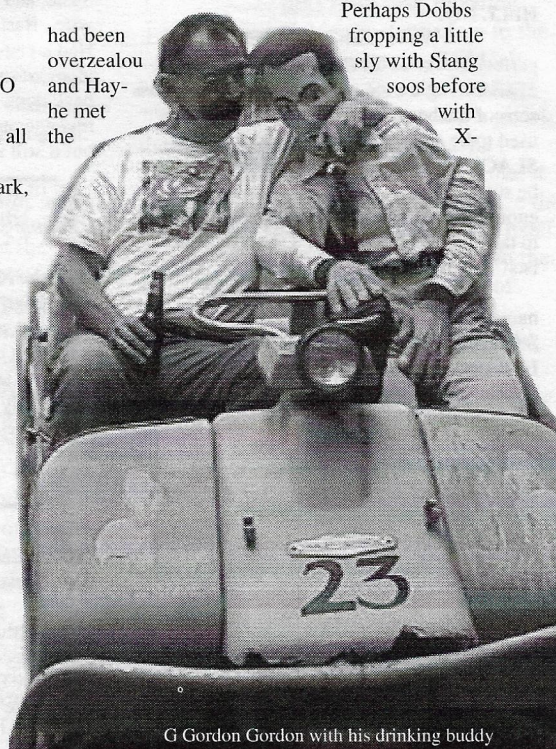
In the meantime, we can "tune in" to our NentEssence and feel the Slack of Xist liberation. You can "listen" to your Nental Ife experience forbidden pleasures onboard the Xist craft, and even bring some of that pleasure into the sensate world for everyone to share or fight over. Sure, it sounds like a gyp, but it beats being TOTALLY screwed.

-P.Lil

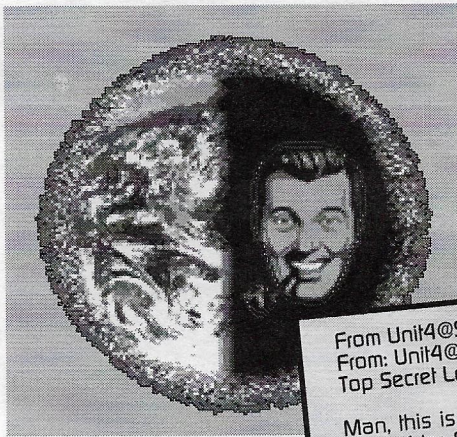
From: gggor@io.com (G. G. Gordon)

As one of the FEW who was privy to the last minute breakdown in negotiations I must report with great reluctance that "Bob" fucked up when the X-ists invoked the clause in the rider on the Contrakt dealing with the number system to cover up the fact that THEY had fucked up and sent the X-ist Battle Fleet and the MWOWM matrix into an entirely different part of the universe, where they promptly got lost because of the lack of a Yacatzima beacon signal to home in on.

Perhaps Dobbs
fropping a little
slyly with Stang
soos before
with
X-



G Gordon Gordon with his drinking buddy



a nuclear war between Pakistan and India to wipe out those not lucky enough to make it on the saucers... but instead of the world being destroyed, a mirror universe was created, where time runs in reverse from July 5, 1998 and history rewinds itself in a weird parody.

Think about it: before X-Day, Viagra became the rage. after X-Day, Viagra is being named as potentially deadly and a cause of strain in long-

ists, but he certainly shouldn't have thrown a Palmer Vreedeex level tantrum when informed of the delay and then he threatened to make the ambassador into a lampshade and put it on a bedside lamp in a Matamoros whorehouse. Nor was the X-ist's assistant interpreter pleased when "Bob" farted loudly and blamed it on her. As it was the X-ists got hard-nosed and invoked the Clause of Unending Delay for Legal Reasons and went home in a big huff, leaving Dobbs with his dick hanging out and a silly grin on his face. Not even one saucer was produced, not even a bit of X-ist lite show, space magic. In fact the last words of the ambassador to Dobbs were "You want something special, next time put Einstein's Secret Orchestra on at seven a.m."

But seriously, wouldn't we have all been disappointed if Dobbs DIDN'T fuck up, could we trust an Eopt who makes things like prophecies run on schedule??

Grab life by the lapels and scream in its face if you want to get anywhere!

From: talsyman@my-dejanews.com

I was amazed myself, but for perhaps a different reason.

I mean, I'M ON THE SAUCERS, what's all this "X-Day X Cuses"? and then I saw the 8991 thing, and figured it out.

the Xists *did* come, and triggered

From Unit4@Sputum.Com Sun Jul 19 14:05:25 1998
From: Unit4@Sputum.Com (Doktor DynaSoar)
Top Secret Letter to Jesus: DO NOT PRINT

Man, this is a bad idea. As your chief of security I urge you to reconsider. Some of the clones that replaced the Sub's who were Raptured may retain cloned memory traces. Even though the switch took place in microseconds, we can't be certain the copying process didn't leave some of the stuff intact that was supposed to be erased. Figure: Dobbs said nothing could go wrong. WHEN HAS DOBBS EVER DONE ANYTHING WHEN SOMETHING DIDN'T GO WRONG? Sure, it works out later ... FOR HIM.

If any of the clones reply with anything that's anywhere NEAR "the truth", forward it to me by e-mail immediately, and I'll have that clone "replaced". I'm still not sure that things are going right. I thought the MWOWM terminal was supposed to be a white stone. This thing looks like the Bleeding Head. But I KNOW we blew The Head up. You don't think this has anything to do with it blowing up BEFORE they lit the fuse, do you?

The Deep Space Network data I hacked out of JPL shows the "objects" still on course towards earth, arrival time mid-November 1999. We really ought to look into this. I tried to ask Dobbs about it but he just giggled.

Are you SURE these are X-ist saucers and not something else entirely? Either way, something else is coming. Being in the midst of an apocalypse I can handle. Being the planetary ball in a hyperdimensional, omnimetaphysical, infinite eigenstate game of Solar Soccer is not something I consider acceptable substitute for Yeti Valhalla.

I'm starting to wonder if the stories about the Pipe controlling him are true. Have you ever seen him without the Pipe?

Gotta go, the golf clubs are hovering in the air pointing at the galactic north pole again.

--
[@ @] DynaSoar [@ @ @ @], Doktor DynaSoar Iridium, Scientifictiontologist
|| || Yeti Genell Research InsitToot, Somedamnnwhere, VA
Clench of The One True Pipe Dream, ElectroChurch of the SubGenius

lasting marriages. The mirror effect will be complete when later this year the FDA accidentally approves Niamort, a chemical castration pill, for over-the-counter use. sales among women aged 55-80 will skyrocket.



THE WORLD ENDS TOMORROW AND YOU MAY DIE!

The Top-10 excuses why the X-ists didn't show up on X-day:

- 10- They didn't use Energizer batteries in their alarm clocks.
- 9- Gave up after heated argument about whether to land at 7:am EDT, or GMT
- 8- Actually landed--at 7 PM, EST
- 7- Actually landed--Somewhere else!
- 6- Actually landed--At the right time, but in the wrong dimension. [etc...]
- 5- Actually landed--In cloaked ships. But, upon seeing over 400 drunk SubGeniuses parading around half-naked, decided they weren't worth saving and decided to let us fry with the rest of the humans!
- 4- Actually landed--but left in disgust after Jesse the Pool Girl wouldn't let them use the hot tub because the Bromine level wasn't high enough.
- 3- The tracking program in their navigational computers was superceded by HipCrime, and they decided at the last minute to fly off and destroy the Thetan homeworld to teach

those silly Scientologists a lesson!!!

2- The Sex Goddesses had headaches. So, fearing a riot, sent a psychic message to Ivan Stang telling him to "go with the upside-down napkin theory" before heading back to dimension X for more Tylenol.

... And, the Number One reason why the Xists didn't show up on X-day:

Bob actually did something!!!

Other Phophesies of the Mirrored Universe!

- 1999:
- ✘ Clinton sues Paula Jones for failing to meet his sexual needs.
 - ✘ Bob Denver smokes too much 'frop and dies in a freak boating accident.
 - ✘ Jerry Lewis falls off a stage in Vegas, landing on Joey Bishop.
- 2000:
- ✘ Republicans repeal presidential term limits,

- hoping to reanimate Reagan.
- ✘ Clinton creates the new Hot Sexxx Party and wins a third term.

- 2004:
- ✘ America, tired of Clinton's White House orgies, elects Dan Quayle and his vice-president, George Bush, Jr.
 - ✘ Comedy Central's stocks rise 100 points.

- 2006:
- ✘ Quayle declares martial law (codename Operation Disney Storm.) comedy clubs closed, Gary Trudeau is shot, escaping humorists form the Farce Resistance.
- 2008:
- ✘ veep George Bush, Jr. is elected president, with an animatronic Pekinese as vice-president.

X-Day: A Study In Rupture **by: Reverend Noah J. Stewart**

UH--MAYBE NEXT TIME

No event has ever been so anticipated by SubGenii as X-Day. None has been so disappointing either. When searching for explanations, it is faith-shattering to accept that the information was misinterpreted, Dobbs didn't come through, or that it was all just a joke. There are more appealing

and sensible reasons why the SubGenii remain on planet earth, after seven o'clock, July fifth, 1998. The blame for this should not be placed upon Ivan Stang or "Bob", but upon factors totally outside of the SubGenius Foundation, Inc and beyond its members' control. Any belief in the X-ist saucers as real space vessels is wishful Bobbie delusion. The saucers from the planet X are in fact

"illusions"(Revelation X, 1994, p. 107) created by these benevolent aliens to help SubGenii come to terms with their transcendence to Overmen and Überfemmes. "X-ist corporeality is patterned" (Revelation X, 1994, p. 107) by whoever calls them the loudest. Thus, the spaceships are only as real as they are believed to be. If the majority of people believe that they don't exist, then it is possible they may not materialize, at least not in the form we desire.

Since the loss of our "useless physical shells"(Revelation X, 1994, p. 108) is required to use these "transit gates"(Revelation X, 1994, p. 111), we have always assumed that our bodies would be destroyed. But if the bodies survived the Rupture, perhaps a splitting of or a sharing of the SubGenius' souls would occur between our dimension and dimension X. In this case, SubGenii may continue to live on earth just as they did before the Arrival, totally unaware that the Rupture had occurred. In such a case, an extremely elevated sense of slack would be the only clue that any event had transpired.

Perhaps the greatest obstacle facing the space aliens is their passageway into our dimension. At 6:45 am on July fifth, 1998, the Unarius saucers are to interface with the Washington Monument, thus opening "the transdimensional gateway for the Escape Vessels"(Revelation

X, 1994, p. 108). Unfortunately, the arrival of these "two-bit, cheezy-looking, strictly corporeal spaceship"(Revelation X, 1994, p. 108) is entirely out of "Bob's" and the X-ists' direct control. If, for some reason, they are delayed or stopped by some intervening force, "Bob" must and shall find a new way to bring the X-ists through to our dimension.

Fortunately, there is still hope. As the "Chart Of Time"(The Book Of The SubGenius, 1983, p. 135) indicates, the actual "Initiation of the Overmen"(The Book Of The SubGenius, 1983, p. 135) is not scheduled to occur until sometime in 1999. It is possible that the X-ists have already arrived and are among us, as they are not scheduled to leave until the year 2000. Such behavior would be characteristic as they have "walked amongst us throughout history"(Pamphlet #1, 1981, p. 6) and have been visiting our planet "for thousands of years"(Pamphlet #1, 1981, p. 6). In this case, we have only to wait until their plans are unfurled, and obey whatever commands Dobbs issues.

From only these few explanations, it is blatantly apparent to all doubters that everything is going according Dobbs' plan. Whatever he has in store for earth is to come into light quite soon. All that is required of the SubGenius is "prayer and donations"(Revelation X, 1994, p. 107) to ensure that the ascension of all SubGenii does occur as "Bob" has promised. Praise "Bob".

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Testimony of Saint Janor Hypercletes!

This is my testimony!!

Yes, the world was destroyed by spacemen calling themselves X-ists!! We were lifted up by aliens and did, in fact, live out 200 billion lifetimes of ecstasy and Pure Slack in Pleasure Dimensions with Sex Goddesses!! But then, then, the X-ists, (in conjunction with Y-ist ghost-demons) recreated the "earth" down to the last blade of grass, exactly as it was before!! And then they returned us to continue "Bob's" work!! Praise "Bob"!! Another miracle!!

There were some "Bobbies" and Pink wannabes who still think "nothing happened" and will still swear to you that not a single spaceman landed!! Some of them go so far as to claim they "saw" our leader, Rev. Ivan Stang, being tarred and feathered and thrown into a pond by his own followers!! My God! What they obviously "saw" was a hologramic illusion projected by Y-ists to test our faith!! Anyone who "saw" this illusion either doesn't have enough faith or hasn't sent in enough money or both!! Hallelujah! Anyone who "saw" Rev. Ivan Stang being tarred and feathered and thrown into a pond is a Pinkboy-Corporate-Trilateralist-Conspiracy-Facist-Nazi-from-Hell who needs to be lined up against a wall and shot! Real fast!!

Meanwhile, our Ministries march forward!! Remember, here on the Reconstructed Earth, we still need reconstructed money!! Even though everything we're now experiencing is a Hologramic illusion/hallucination being projected by aliens, our monetary needs are still real!! Our hologramic bill collectors still need real money!! Never has our need for money been more vital! Because with nothing but hologramic money, we can't eat anything but hologramic food, and frankly we're starving! So; if you want us to return to the pleasure dimensions anytime soon, keep those donations flowing!!



... Tampa Bay
Tridenominal
Multiclench
...X minus 4
days, 18 hours, 37
minutes

"This is crazy," Pee Kitty sighed for the eighth time that day. "No shielding? No Yacatzma fields? Nothing but a low-level cloak? This is one of the--"

"--most important devices ever created, on or off this planet, in the history of time," Godfather finished for him. "We know. We've known the last three times you've brought it up. It's going to work."

"I just don't trust it, is all. Maybe if I wasn't the carrier, I'd be more at ease."

Betsy looked up from her needles and yarn for a moment, "Pee, you know the Yists would never suspect this! It's too simple. They only think complex and scheming--such a simple trick is bound to fool them!"

"I'm not saying it doesn't have merit, just that...ah, forget it. Does Onan have the fake?"

RyGy and Kriscindy, the two new recruits, both looked up and answered, "Yup!" at the same time. With a grin, RyGy finished, "We dropped it off yesterday. It's set up with a full protective Yacatzma matrix, damn near visible from orbit! They can't miss it."

"They're ready!" Betsy looked up from her finished work with a smile. Everyone agreed that she had done an amazing job. No one would ever have suspected that the two multicolored, striped socks she had before her were actually the primary antennae of the Janor Device.

No one except for the Xists, of course.

And Janor, but that goes without saying.

... Somewhere in the Solar System
... X minus 4 days, 18 hours, 32 minutes



The Yist scout looked up from the neural inductive field display. His face wore an expression that a human could only achieve by microwaving their head for several minutes, then watching a Teletubbies Marathon. It was, however, an evil

SOCKS AND VIOLENCE

smile.

WE ARE NOT AS EASILY FOOLED AS YOU MIGHT THINK, "SUB-GENMSES".

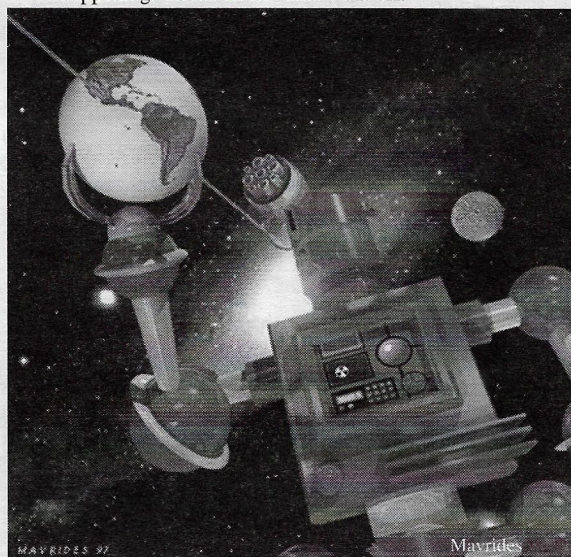
It went back into the field, again monitoring every word the unsuspecting Yetinsyny said.

... Luciferian Liberation Front HQ (Monitor Room)
... X minus 2 days, 13 hours, 15 minutes

An alarm went off.

An important alarm went off.

An alarm that warned the SubGenii of odd happenings on the Luck Plane went off.



An alarm specifically designed to watch for increased odds of the presence of NHGH himself went off.

Unfortunately, no one was there to see this alarm go off.

... Somewhere in High Orbit over Earth
... X minus 2 days, 13 hours, 10 minutes

IT IS DONE.

WILL IT WORK?

OUR CALCULATIONS INDICATE A 94% CHANCE THAT IT WILL OF COURSE, WITH NAGA THERE IS ALWAYS ROOM FOR DOUBT. NAGA DOES NOT WORK FOR US, BUT FOR HIMSELF.

THEN HOW IS IT THAT WE CAN SUMMON HIMSELF SO EASILY?

HIMSELF ALLOWS IT. FORTUNATELY, NAGA LIKES US AND HATES "SUB-GENMSES".

... Brushwood Folklore Center
... X minus 2 days, 3 hours, 52 minutes

Picture, if you will, an announcer with a megaphone, though there was none. The only sound in reality was a snoring SubGenius and the distant sounds of pagans drumming.



"LADIES... AND...
YETINSYNI STEP RIGHT
THIS WAY FOR THE
BATTLE OF THE CENTURY!"

"In THIS corner, the all-powerful force of Anti-Slack! That which works against "Bob" himself! The demiurge and demigod, He Who Destroys, the true form of Evil.....NHGH!!!

"And in THIS corner, a sleeping, unsuspecting, tired, worn-out-from-way- too-much-partying, MORTAL SubGenius...Pee Kitty!!!

"Gentlemen, to your corners! Now LET'S GET READY TO RUMBLE!!!"

Who would you bet on?

To those of you who said Pee Kitty: Your faith is touching, your naivete even more so.

... Somewhere in High Orbit over Earth
... X minus 1 day, 16 hours, 2 minutes

STATUS REPORT.

WE HAVE CONFIRMED OUR FEARS - NAGA WAS AND IS POWERLESS TO AFFECT THE ANTENNAE HIMSELF. PLAN B HAS BEEN HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL, HOWEVER.

CARRIER STATUS?

FULL SYSTEMIC ASSAULT IN PROGRESS. ALL KEY BIOCHEMICAL SYSTEMS ARE UNDER ATTACK - SEVERAL ARE ALREADY DESTROYED. FULL SYSTEM SHUTDOWN IMMINENT.

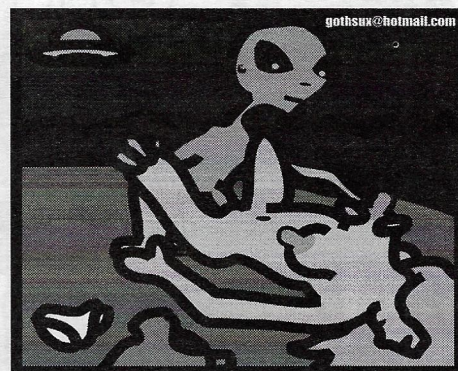
GOOD.

And the face went back to its microwaved/ Teletubbies contortion.

... Westfield Hospital Emergency Room
... X minus 1 day, 13 hours, 36 minutes

Doctors raced around, yelling out various orders. Nurses raced around, following various orders. Tubes were hooked up, needles injected, and fluids were exchanged all around.

Pee Kitty's request that he immediately be taken back to Brushwood so the Janor Device could be





completed was politely refused. When he persisted, the doctors pointed out that the Janor Device did not appear in any of their medical textbooks and therefore must be less important than the "human" life they were trying to save.

Pee Kitty began to question the wisdom of having the "socks" carbon-bonded to his legs before the trip.

Pee Kitty's second request, that his legs be amputated and immediately taken back to Brushwood so the Janor device could be completed was politely ignored, and dismissed as either a joke or the ramblings of a man driving insane from systemic shutdown.

Pee Kitty's third request got him sedated.

... Entering the Milky Way
... X minus 1 day exactly

The commander of the Xist fleet gave the order to halt just within the borders of our galaxy. It glanced at the screen where the coordinates were to be displayed soon.

NOW, WE WAIT.

... Westfield Hospital, Room 215
... X minus 14 hours, 45 minutes

"So tell the doctors they can all come along, if they want! You know I've got to get back there or we're all doomed!"

"We've been trying everything, man," Godfather assured Pee Kitty. "Stang's got the banks of lawyers trying to find a loophole that'll get you out of here. G. Gordon Gordon's working on a direct armed assault of the place, but all the weapon caches are back in Dallas."

"Okay, okay...if you can't bring me to Janor, go get Janor. Bring him to the hospital. It's not that far away from Brushwood, Godfather - the broadcasting amplifiers should still be able to pick up the signal!"

"Thought of that already. No can do. Janor won't come."

"Why?"

"He's Janor, man."

That explanation had always sufficed, and would have to suffice for now, as well.

Pee Kitty sighed and picked at his hospital food.

... Just inside the Milky Way
... X minus 2 hours, 4 minutes

The Xist commander frowned.

SOMETHING IS WRONG. WE SHOULD HAVE GOTTEN THE COORDINATES BY NOW.

... Leaving Earth's Orbit
... X minus 1 hour, 14 minutes

The Yist commander did that strange evil smile again.

EVERYTHING IS RIGHT. THE JANOR DEVKE HAS BEEN NULLIFIED AND THE COORDINATES WILL NOT BE SENT. OUR WORK HERE IS DONE.

The ship was a blur as it crossed the lightspeed barrier.

... Brushwood Folklore Center
... X minus 30 minutes

Stang looked to Philo, "Maybe they'll still find us?"

Philo just looked back at him disparagingly.

... Just inside the Milky Way
... X plus 1 minute

HAVE THE COORDINATES BEEN RECEIVED BY ANY OF THE SHIPS?
NO, SIR.
SET A COURSE FOR HOME, AND PUT ME

IN CONTACT WITH MR. DOBBS. HE OWES US ONE HELL OF AN EXPLANATION... AND GAS MONEY.

And the last hope of Yetikind sped off into the void of space.

... Westfield Hospital, Room 215
... X plus 2 hours, 3 minutes

The doctor seemed a little taken aback by the patient's nonplussed reaction. "Mr. Levine? I don't know if you heard me correctly. What I said was that your pancreas has been destroyed and several of your other internal systems have been damaged."

Pee Kitty, or "Mr. Levine" to the unaware hospital folks, turned a single open eye lazily toward the doctor. "And what I said was, 'Big deal, compared to the fact that it's July 5th, 9 am, and we're all still here.' Look, I wouldn't expect you to understand, doc. What else did you want me to know?"

"Well, uh, with no pancreas, you're now suffering from diabetes. I'm afraid you'll have to take insulin to stay alive now, and monitor how much sugar you take in. We'll also need to keep you here for a while until your body is able to function on its own again."

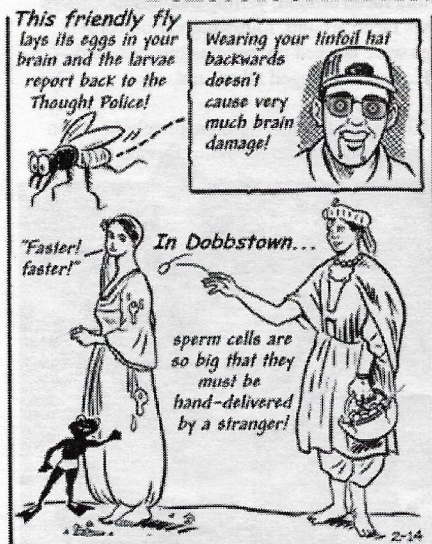
Pee Kitty grinned, again fazing the doctor. "No big deal. I'm imprisoned in this meat shell anyway, so I might as well be imprisoned here" The confused doctor muttered a goodbye and left the room. Pee Kitty turned towards his cluster of friends in the room, "Now what I want to know is who the hell ratted us out?"

... Tampa Bay Tridenominal Multiclench
... X plus 21 hours, 3 minutes

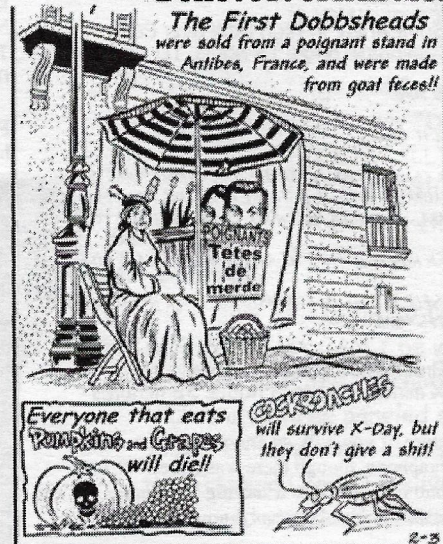
The shadowy figure glided through the empty household until it found the hidden bug. Pocketing it with a smile, the figure slipped out of the place quickly and quietly, locking the door behind him.

The pipe smoke had faded from the air long before the SubGenii returned home.

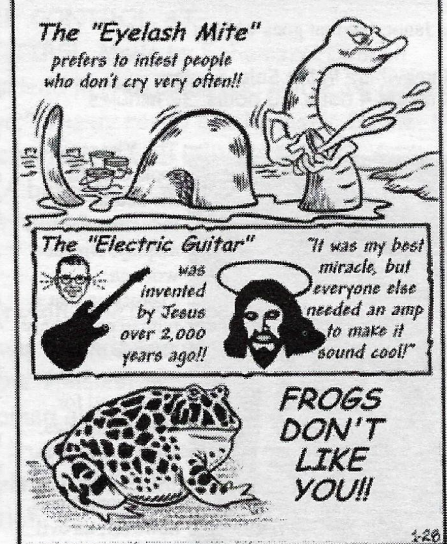
Le Mur'z Believe It or Kill Me!



Le Mur'z Believe It or Kill Me!



Le Mur'z Believe It or Kill Me!





REV. NICKIE
COMMANDS
YOU
TO READ THIS
COLUMN

Bulldada



Narrowly defined, Bulldada represents the insights one gains from unlikely sources, such as old, bad Sci-Fi movies, technical instructions written for dumbasses, or cheesy 50's advertisements. These things were intended to be straightforward and appeal to Normal brains, but the SubGenius mind uncovers all sorts of unintentional hidden meanings. These days, modern culture produces a lot of Bulldada, some of which is brilliant commentary on pop culture, and some of which is cleverly framed to appeal to aspects of the SubGenius mindset, but in reality is as Pink as a bank president. You will now permit me, Rev. Nickie DeathChick, Inquisitor General of the Church of the SubGenius, to explain to you the difference.

A prime example of pure SubGeniusness on cable TV is *Space Ghost: Coast to Coast*, on the Cartoon Network. The old, poorly-animated Hanna-Barbera cartoons of the 60's, which are Bulldada in themselves due to their formulaic utter wretchedness, are re-born on this new program. Characters are clipped out and given new voices. Their personalities are similar, but expanded upon. Birdman, for example, turns out to be a sad, pathetic middle-aged failure who desperately wanted the job of host of this talk-show format program, but was just too depressing to be upbeat. So the job goes to Space Ghost, who is too stupid to be depressed about the state of his super hero career. His inflated ego is often punctured by the villains from the original show he has imprisoned to be his band leader (Zorak, the evil mantis) and his producer (Moltar, some volcano dude).

Space Ghost interviews some famous media guests, re-edited to make them look as stupid or intelligent as they generally are. They bring out the bizarre insanity of diet guru Susan Powter and the cringeingly washed-up obliviousness of Bob "Gilligan" Denver. It's hysterical when Zorak keeps berating Rich Hall to "do a Sniglet!" who clearly wants to be

distanced from them.

As with-it as this show is, just because you like it doesn't automatically qualify you as a SubGenius. I belong to an e-mail list for this show, and there's been a lot of negative discussion of another high Bulldada show, *South Park*. You don't have to like *South Park* to be a SubGenius - your reasons are what's important. Because of the huge popularity of this program, there are a lot of cultural snobs who won't give it a chance. Pink children like it because it offends their Pink parents (has bad words, etc.) The creators of "South Park" were smart to make it appeal to a low common denominator - this way, these very sexy mutants thrust their really subversive message deep into the innermost reaches of the minds of latent weirdoes, penetrating the veil of mediocrity and the sad, indifferent modern sitcom mentality.

It's easy to tell the difference between a good Yeti-minded piece of entertainment and a load of old crap. Anything with inanimate objects that talk or puppets of any kind is pure evil and should be shunned like a leprous Christian in the time of Jesus. It might be Bulldada in its purest sense: something so bad, it has meaning, but it was intended to hurt your brain. Like "Teletubbies" - the Pinks that run PBS stations put this supposed "children's" show on at 1am in some cities. They know that the users of the Conspiracy-drug "marijuana" will like it, but if you were a SUBGENIUS ON 'FROP, you'd see the insidious terror in these entities for sure. Midgets in silly costumes might have been amusing in Medieval days, but now, it's just a bad idea.* Plus they have televisions implanted in their abdomens, a sure Mark of the Beast. Don't laugh - you're next! (*editor's note: For more evidence, see story on Gary Coleman)

On the other hand, I might just have been traumatized in early childhood by H.R. Puff n' Stuff. Perhaps I merely have a thing for a certain couple of *South Park* guys. Who knows? Only "Bob." and he has declared me Right In All Things, so you'll just have to live with it... Or kill me.

and condoms. Time flowed much more slowly inside the boundaries of Brushwood. Without TV to keep them settled, dazed city-dwellers wandered up and down the path, meeting people, sharing 'frop and liquor and tales of Conspiracy oppression all night long. There was a sense of comradeship, as though we were all in the trenches together, waiting for the enemy to fire the first shot. There was more than a little expectation of some sort of confrontation between the Con and the SubGenius as X Day approached, but not one Conspiracy agent showed up. Apparently the Con has bought our "Big Joke" explanation. (heh heh heh)

On Friday, I decided to make the most of my last few days on Earth by staying up all night. The hard partiers hang out either at the pavilion, playing guitars and drinking coffee or else at the bonfire, dancing and drumming. The fire was warmer, so I stayed there with the pagans even though the techno-insomniacs had the obvious advantage of coffee. The New York July night was freezing cold.

At 2 A.M., there was a big party at the fire, with dozens of people crowded on logs and folding chairs while dancers whirled to the beat of several drummers. As the hours passed, however, the dancers and drummers began to drift off to their tents. Eventually, there was just one guy (probably on peyote) who continued to pound his drum all night long. Sure, it's no big deal to stay up all night in a big city, with espresso machines and television to make the time pass quickly, but out in the woods, where the air is pure and clean and the nights are dark, it's a lot harder. Counting the drummer, there were four of us who made it through the long night.

Many tried -- We Who Made It felt their pain as we watched them slump down, then eventually plant their faces flat in the dirt beside the fire.

"Hold on, man!" I cried to one brave soul as he roused himself from the dirt and looked up at the surviving partiers.

"Must...stay...awa...ke..." he said, shaking his head slowly then slumping forward into the dirt again.

We shook our heads and glanced at each other, wondering who would be next. To keep our morale high, we tried to hold a conversation, but by four in the morning we were all so wrapped up in our own delusions that we weren't really listening to each other or even ourselves. The Old Guy would say something about how he had a dog once, then the Guy With Glasses would say all Democrats should be shot, and I would try to tell him that whole two-party thing is just a front for the Illuminati, then the Guy with the Backpack would ask what time we thought it was.... as long as everybody said something we knew everybody was ok. Then, without warning, the Guy with Glasses missed his turn. We all looked at him. He was lying on his back in the dirt with his hands behind his head, eyes closed. The Guy with the Backpack tried offering him some 'frop but it was too late -- the party was over for him.

The rest of us fell silent, listening to the beating of the drum. Time passed as I wondered what the hell the Drum-Playing Guy was on. I amused myself by mocking our sleeping, dirt-covered comrades, until I realized my pants too were coated in dirt; we had all been

Down in the Dirt

-by Rev. Mary Magdalen, HeadStripper

X Day was the best excuse for a party I'd seen in a long time. I couldn't wait for this year's event. Between X Days there was a lot of hardship and stress -- much of it caused by Conspiracy holidays. That's what makes X Day so wonderful, it's a holiday with no gifts to buy, no foods to make, no relatives to deal with, nothing but a lonely patch of woods, a big bonfire, a kick-ass sound system and several hundred semi-nude freaks 'fropping and dancing and ranting their fool heads off.

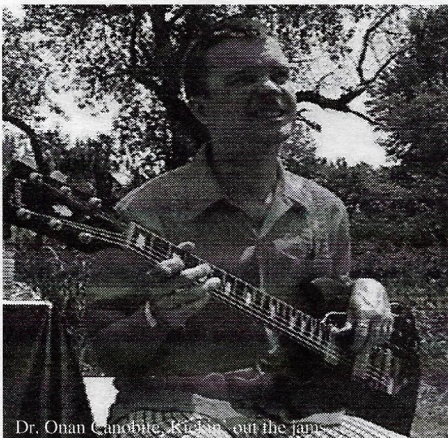
And it's not like those big commercial "get wasted" festivals the Conspiracy sells, either! For three days, I didn't see any advertisements, except when I made that trip into town for munchies



sitting in it for a long time. Our fallen companions had been rolling in it and were caked with thick dust from head to toe. We-Who-Stayed-Awake were only covered from the waist down.

I looked behind us and noticed the big logs circling the fire. They'd been full of people when I arrived at 2 AM, but now at 5 they were empty. They had probably been empty for a few hours, but we hadn't realized it. We were all very excited by this discovery, and quickly moved to the logs. We were also excited that it was becoming light enough to see beyond the fire-pit that had been the focus of our attention for what had seemed like eternity.

We sat on our logs and I realized that Dobbs had taught me a lesson that night -- When all you have is dirt, a log is **TRUE SLACK**. And sometimes True Slack is right behind you, but you're too 'froped up to notice it. But the most important lesson I learned is that True Slack comes to those who face adversity in the name of **HARD PARTYING!!**



Dr. Onan Canobite, kicking out the jams

Reprinted with permission from 'On and On About It: An Oral History of the Church of the SubGenius' (SubGenius Foundation, Dallas 2179)

Excerpt, Track A13, Rev. Dr. Onan Canobite (1966 - 2093)

The majority of us were gathered in the Pavilion by the time we reached the quarter 'til Rupture mark. There was neither panic nor pageant - while some were dressed for interstellar travel, others were dressed in their morning grubbies (and some were not dressed at all - they, the Dobbsclad tribe, may have been among the most faithful).

Reverend Ivan Stang led the countdown in the final seconds. And at 7:00 am, as the final "O" of "Fuck 'em if they can't take a joke" echoed on forever, the saucers arrived.

As the silver disks materialized above us they blotted out the sun and rustled the leaves and limbs of the nearby trees. Three of them were so close I could see the rivets and plates on their underbelly as they hummed and circled the compound. Some applauded, a few wept, all looked to the heavens. We were ready to go home.

At that moment, far off on the Field of Valor, I saw J. R. "Bob" Dobbs in conference with a diminutive olive-green humanoid. The alien held up three digits, Dobbs responded with two. The alien paused, then stamped its foot in agreement. They touched faces and hands and Dobbs received a large black briefcase from the skycritter.

With a rasp, two-foot crescent shapes opened in irregular patterns on the saucers surface. A golden dust fell upon our upturned faces, almost with its own intelligence. The pollen burned our eyes and skin, and all was lost in tears. But in that moment came the Rupture.

Like the skin peeling from an old rotten tomato, I felt some part of me pulled away and toward the saucers. Its color was dull and heavy, and as it pulled from my feet upward it caught most on my sex and my spine, my shoulders and my face, until it popped inside out and away. On its face, a mirror of my own, were two great polyps; they stared at me like a wounded and cowardly predator driven from its lair as the empty shell was yanked feet-first toward the flying saucers.

The crescent portals sealed themselves, our sullen sleeves inside. The saucers began to rotate in sync and then whispered away. I saw "Bob" driving off in a golf cart, his briefcase forgotten in the field.

As happened so often in my happy service to the Church of the SubGenius, nothing turned out quite like I thought it would but in the end it was so much better. I looked about me and saw pastel oil slick auras around people's heads and bodies for the first time since I was a child. I saw freshly scrubbed happy faces and cones of blue and silver energy flowing out of peoples palms, great red breathing spirals radiating and spiraling in to their hearts. There was laughter all about; we saw the world as it truly is.

In the years to come we affected many miracles in the name of the Church. We could tell when our co-religionists were in danger and sped to their aid. We abolished work for many of our kind and even a few of the humans. We communicated without wires or waves across great distances, and held the most ennobling and amusing of gatherings. And we learned the true meaning of what the prophets had told us long ago: "The SubGenius Must Have Slack." This was not a declaration of some commodity we would have to buy in the future, but a definition of who we are now. Just as a meal must include food to be 'a meal,' the SubGenius must have slack. We got slack, enough to go around and then some.

We *did* go home, after all. And it was to the home we had always been told we could never go back to. Our indulgence and our

innocence had made peace; our fate and our faith cohabitated. We were healed and made whole, we went to heaven without dying first.

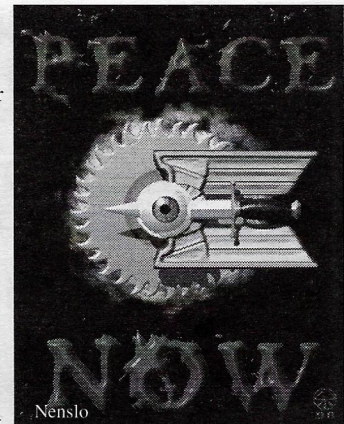
The Men from Planet

X had taken away not our persons but our pains. Their advanced technologies separated our souls from the parasites and tumors that infected them. They took away our hurts and smoothed our scars. And they left us with new gifts, both fair and foul.

I don't know if our new cutting vision, our scissors of sight, is an ability added to our minds and bodies by the X-ists or if by their cleansing we were simply restored to a level of sensation that all once shared. Irregardless, all SubGenii at X-Day have claimed and demonstrated a heightened sense of awareness and psychic connectivity without parallel in Church history or even Earth history. This was the fair gift of the X-ists, the gift of sight.

But what sights we have seen. Like a traveler in a foreign lands made abruptly aware of the insults of his hosts, our unfiltered vision has made us aware of horrors previously confined to Z-grade cinema. The X-ists had left their most harmful of partially invisible technologies and species behind for the humans to abuse, and when we returned home the abuses began.

Unseen by the humans around us, we are now only too aware of the glistening insect armor that most mortals wear, its tubers lodged deep in the muscles and throats of their bodies. We see the robot monkey demons that ride men's backs, driving them to cruelty and to combat with the demon monkey robots that hang from women's necks, staring them in the face all day. Plague fogs rust and rot the cities, long-legged angels



with burned wings bolt colored hoods to human heads. Coal burning dinosaurs and firecats destroy the forests. And behind it all, The Conspiracy. Once hidden and operating behind the scenes, they now trade openly in mortal suffering.

Were we given eyes to see only to see Hell itself? To grow new dark shells for the X-ists to harvest each X-Day? It must not be so. Our mission, though nameless, was ordained: the SubMission of planet Earth.

Of course we started off on the wrong foot. We used the money that "Bob" had forgotten (or left behind for us, some said) to process the films and edit the tapes of X-Day. And each package that came back from the labs showed not the experience we'd shared but one altogether more mundane; vat-bred actors or biomatons

resembling those who were there, standing around, talking. Examination of the remaining funds revealed all the bills were marked - with regret, we destroyed them lest any future project be likewise marked for Conspiracy tampering.

Our 'proof' of X-Day, once so self-evident, was gone. Some few spoke the plain truth about The Conspiracy, and our lawyers are still petitioning for their release. We could not show evidence for what we had seen, nor could we share our visions with those who did not share them already. Dobbs failed to return our messages for many years, and the SubGenii were scattered around the country and around the world. We had each other, we could see what the problems were, we had some of the tools to fix things, but nobody believed something like X-Day could be real. What were we to do?



The Year 1998 Problem

by: PAPA JOE MAMA

Some folks are discouraged that the Xist UFOs didn't fly down and burn the planet clean of pinks on X-day (July 5th, 1998) as promised by J.R. "Bob" Dobbs. These concerns may seem justifiable to the casual observer. After all, the "normals" were supposed to be slaves or rotting corpses by now. What happened?

First, let's be realistic: It is blasphemous to think that the sacred X-day, 1998 would possibly refer to a CONSPIRACY calendar. Why would a religion based on J.R. "Bob" Dobbs recognize a calendar that begins on the birthday of a competitor like Jesus? The faithful should be ASHAMED for ASSUMING otherwise. We know July 5th is July 5th, but 1998 could be next year or even the year after that (Year of their Lord 2,000).

Moreover, many subgenius scholars believe that the date was written upside down, and that 1998 is really the year 8661. No doubt some cynical subgenius' feel that six thousand more years is too long to wait. WRONG AGAIN. Year 0001 is based on a cosmic event of SUBGENIUS significance, not Pink or Normal. The big event might have been the earliest abduction of a Pink, or the first successful cross fertilization of Xist and Yeti DNA, or even the first low orbit excretion that fell out of the sky and evolved into the human race. Such an event would have occurred thousands of years ago, easily over 8,000 years ago! So it only makes sense that 8661 is right around the corner...

If we knew exactly when the SubGenius year 1998 or 8661 was, do you think we would announce it? Of course not. The normals monitor the internet for information on SubGenius plans for world domination on a daily basis. (Not to mention bug our phones, intercept our mail, and stake out our homes.) The LAST people we want prepared for the attack is THEM. The Church of the SubGenius will keep having X-day drills every July 5th, so that the Conspiracy becomes more smug and reassured that it's all just a joke. Then, when they are completely unprepared and the REAL X-day rolls around- WATCH THE SKIES!

Dobbs is a patient man, but he doesn't like to waste anyone's time. He's planned this out so that we get a chance to rehearse while the Pinks become acclimated to our threat and no longer take it seriously. It appears both these criteria have been met. Clearly, the end times are upon us!



holocaustal feuhrers, Papa Joe Mama and Dr. K'taden Legume

alt.slack.wisdom

A SubGenius is like one hanging in a tree by his teeth over a great precipice. His hands grasp no branch, his feet rest on no limb, and under the tree, a Pink asks him, "Why didn't the saucers land on July 5, 1998?" If he makes no excuse, he is shamed before the Pinks. If he makes an excuse, he falls to his death. Now, what is the SubGenius' excuse?
-schabe "koan out west"

"Fuck them if they can't take a joke."
-temujin9

The SubGenius is an excuse.
-Jahweh D. Lynch

He falls on the Pink.
-P.Lil

That's an EASY one!!!

The SubGenius flips off the Pink and farts in his face.

Next?
-SiCrazy

When two asscheeks are vibrated, it makes a farting sound. What is the sound of one asscheek flapping?
-schabe "koan too far"

Even easier:

alt.slack

Next?

-SiCrazy "WhenDoIChop
OffMyOwnArm?" "BobtheClone"

Hmm. Close, but no satori.
alt.slack is the sound of 108,000
asscheeks flapping.

Of course, once you've grasped the concept of "the many" returning to "the one", then I'd be happy to reprocess your Buddha application form. Just send \$30, or your severed finger. Or anybody's severed finger. It doesn't matter

-schabe "subtle energy department"

New T's for a New Earth!

Cool "Bob" "Bob" World



\$15

Full Color Front Design on White T



\$15

Full Color Front Design on White T

Big "Bob"

Tri T



FRONT

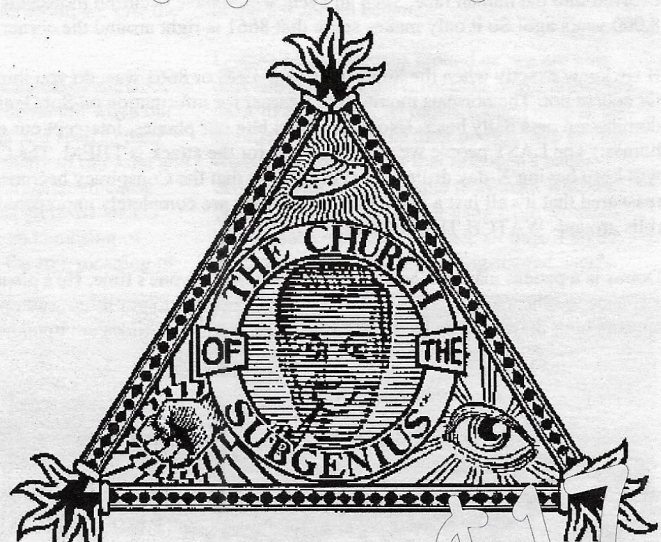
Pocket Design

Original Dobbs head, white with black dots on grey T. Front has 4" "Bob" over your heart. Back has HUGE 14" "Bob"!



BACK

\$15



Full Color Front

\$17

All Shirts available in Large, X-Large and XXL
For XXL add \$2 to price.

X-Day! Prairie Squid!

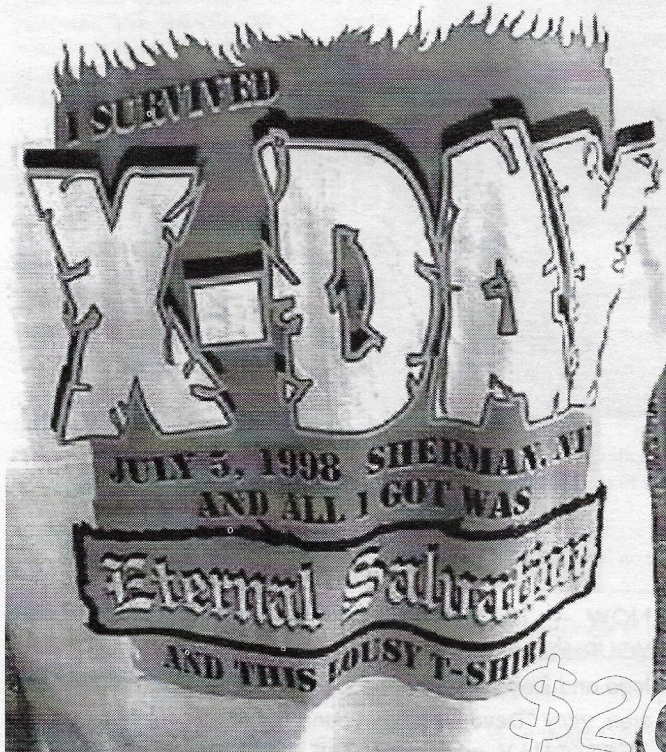


Front



Front, black print on grey T.

\$13

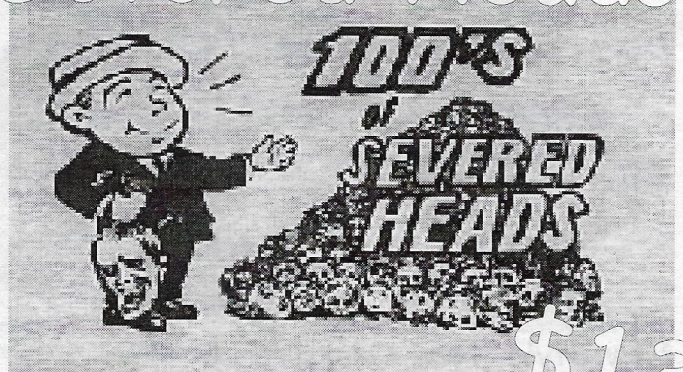


Back

LIMITED TIME! Missed X-Day? Want to fool your friends into thinking you were actually at the coolest party ever?! This Full color 2 sided T features the artwork of Rev. Ivan Stang on the front, back says, "I Survived X-Day, July 5 1998 Sherman, NY and all I got was ETERNAL SALVATION and this lousy t-shirt." We will only have these for a few more months. Get it now.

\$20

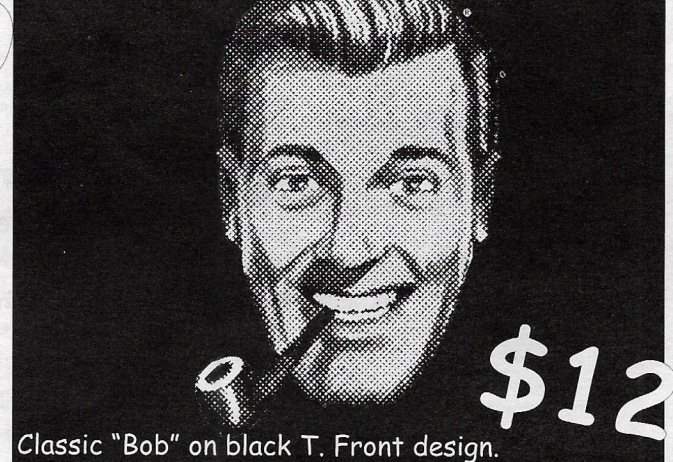
Severed Heads



Front, black print on grey T

\$13

"Bob" on Black



Classic "Bob" on black T. Front design.

\$12

"Bob" - Anti "Bob" Glo-in-Dark

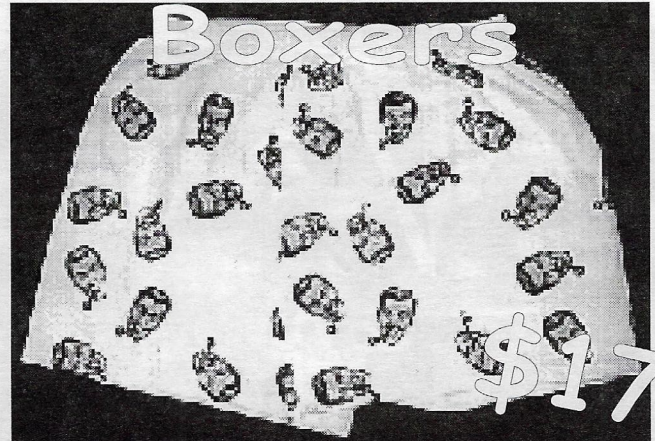


Front

Back

Full Color 2 sided. Front with blue background, Back has red background. On white T.

\$16



\$17

Mutant Yeti-spawn guaranteed! White boxers with friendly smiling Dobbs, but turn out the lights and Ayyyyiii! the Anti-"Bob" appears. Specify M, L or XL

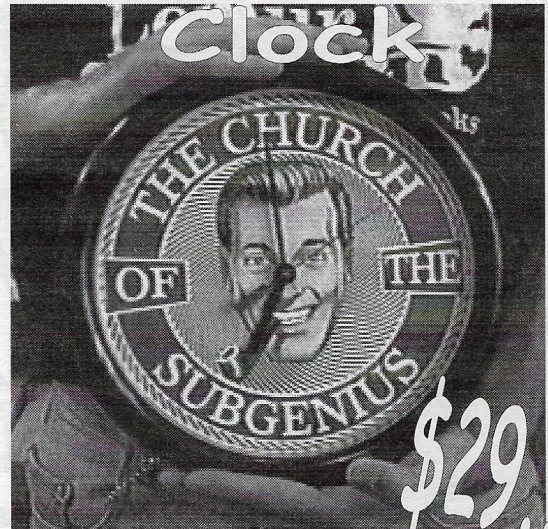
Gimmie Caps



\$17

New Style. New Colors! Black and White embroidered Dobbs head on cap with adjustable leather-like strap. Now in two colors: black and khaki.

Time Control Clock



\$29.95

NOW -- TIME CONTROL AT YOUR FINGERTIPS! Made by Ephemera. Church logo and DobbsHead in red, black and white, op art design, very "Devo;" sturdy round black plastic frame, MAJESTICALLY crafted, KEEPS PERFECT TIME, FOREVER *(with AA batteries). Wouldn't look out of place in ANY kitchen or War Room.

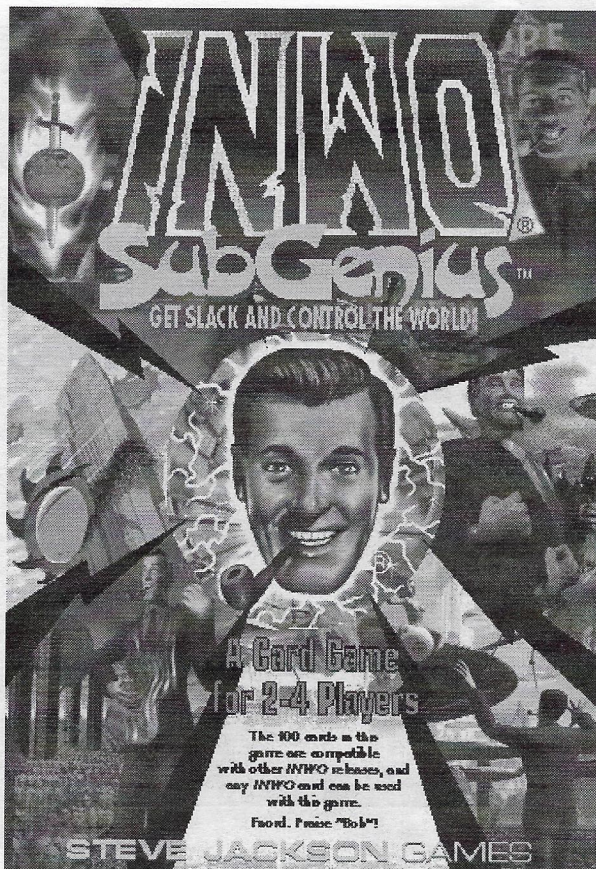
Night Light



\$18

"Bob" will light up your

life. He'll give you hope to carry on. He'll light up your day and fill your nights with Slack. It CAN'T be wrong when it feels SO right! "Bob" WILL light up your life. Perhaps our fanciest product yet. These Night-lights are three paneled stained glass with a copper trim. The front is white and you can choose from two designs: the Classic "Bob" and the Triangle Logo. Side panels are blue/white swirl. Requires electricity and standard USA outlet.



BUY IT BEFORE THEY DO!

Get the game that is destroying America from the inside. More than a game, the TRUTH! 100 full color cards featuring the top SubGenius artists. Stare at each card for hours, learn the inner secrets of the Illuminati. Real freaks can even learn to play the game. It is completely compatible with other INWO games, but can be played without buying anything else. Accessorize your lifestyle!

COMPLETE BOX SET
100 CARDS
STAND ALONE AND INWO COMPATIBLE
TODAY ONLY \$16.95!
TOMMOROW?

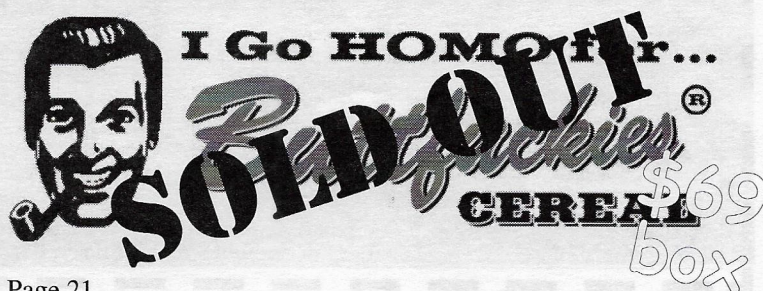
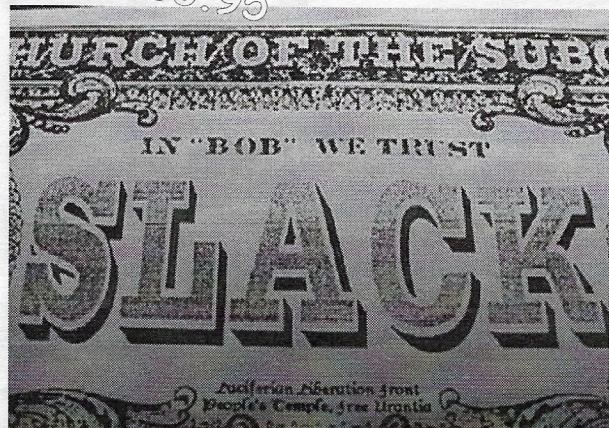
Do it again, for the first time! MEMBERSHIP/ORDAINMENT/ SUBSCRIPTION - \$30!

Just because you're nothing but a clone doesn't mean you can't be saved! Extract revenge from your replica masters. Won't they be surprised when you walk on the space vessels in '99. Even if you happen to be an original, why not get re-born in the idiocy that is "Bob". Or perhaps you've been waiting for the very moment of "Bob's" failure to prove your no sucker. Whatever the reason it's the perfect time to join your fellow mutants in the anti-religion of the future, right now while it makes the least sense! Flaunt your utter lack of faith in EVERYTHING. Take another step into COMPLETE apathy by DOING SOMETHING.

The secrets of true Slack are waiting to be unlocked.

Besides salvation you'll get:

- subscription to four STARK FISTS, - The Divine Excuse (WHAT OTHER RELIGIONS CHARGE ALL WORLDLY GOODS FOR!!), - Doktorate of the Forbidden Sciences, - Added to the mailing list of the Gods- Pamphlets #1 & 2, - Scatalog, - Official Sacred DobbsHead - many other suitable-for-framing documents, propaganda flyers, stickers, - and a wallet sized, legal MINISTER'S CARD granting you every imaginable right. Without this card you have NO HOPE of Boarding the Escape Vessels of the Sex Goddesses.



10 cents a minute!

"Bob's" Long Distance Service No Kidding.

All the Fuckin' Time!

Yes, Finally a way to tithe by doing nothing!

Many SubGenius have already taken advantage of this deal, and now it's even better. 10 Cents a minute ALL THE TIME. Essentially you switch your long distance service and The Church of the SubGenius gets 1% of your charge at no extra cost to you. If you get the form from us and fill it out, then we get a whole 2%. If you own a business then we get 5%. It's small, but if we get enough people it can start to add up. ATTENTION: If your already signed up and are not getting 10 cents a minute call the below number and tell them you want the DIME DEAL.

- ⇒ Call 1(800) 875-9235
- ⇒ Ask any questions you may have about the service, ask about the **DIME DEAL** for 10 cents a minute. (They also provide personal 800 numbers, and other services, just ask.)
- ⇒ Sign up (By the way it's risk free for 30 days, if not satisfied they will switch you back for free *usually a \$15 or so fee)
- ⇒ Give Them this code Number #175179673 (*IMPORTANT, without it we get nothing)
- ⇒ (*OPTIONAL, this is so we can get even MORE money) Get the official form from us, call toll free or send a SASE, ask for the Long Distance Company form.
- ⇒ **DON'T SWITCH BACK.** This is crucial - - seconds after you hang up the Conspiracy will be trying to lure you away with free gifts and even cash. Don't give in! Besides that no one can beat 10 cents a minute all the time, "Bob" doesn't get anything! And you should tell them so!

- * Outside US(Canada& Mexico) add \$4 to S&H
- * Overseas add \$10 to S&H plus
 - \$5 for each additional large item (books, videos)
 - \$3 for each additional medium item (T-shirts, boxers, cassette tapes)
 - \$1 for each small item (sticker set, pin, button)
- * All Money must be US Equivalent.

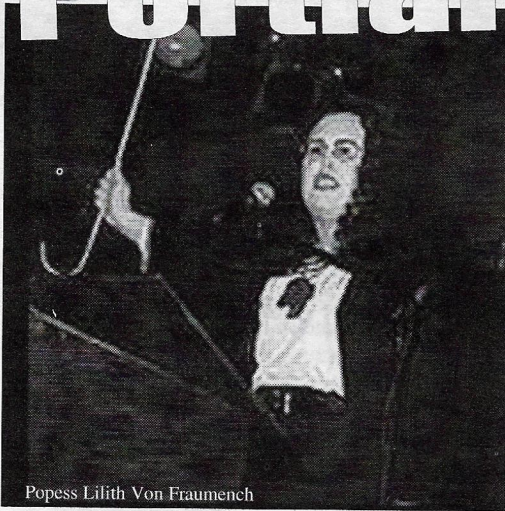
Shipping and Handling Chart

\$0.00-\$10.00 add \$3.50	\$80.01-\$150.00 add \$6.50
\$10.01-\$40.00 add \$4.50	\$150.01 and over add \$7.50
\$40.01-\$80.01 add \$5.50	Toll Free 1(888)669-2323

Amt.	Description	Price Each	Total
* Order shipped UPS or US Mail. Normal Delivery time 4 to 6 weeks * Money orders are usually processed quicker. * Make checks or money orders payable to: SubGenius Foundation Inc. * 30 DAY MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED		Subtotal	
Name		S and H(see chart)	
Address		Tax (Texas only)	
City, State, Zip		Mexico/Canada	
X.		Overseas	
I am over eighteen and of Yeti descent.		Total	

DEVIVAL

Portland



Popess Lilith Von Fraumench

by : Popess Lilith von Fraumench, 15 April 1998

Three months of planning, organization, suffering, spending, feuding, back-biting, slacking off, and general SubGenoid behavior. Three months. I honestly didn't expect to make it that long. And I was wondering who would go down with me, and how many of them I would single out for the honors.

The fun began while in Portland. We missed EJ's the first time we passed it and had to turn around. It's an unassuming little club with a small sign that announced the night's events in six-inch tall letters: C O F S D

That's how I knew we found the club--only a SubGenius would abbreviate "Church of SubGenius Devival".

The atmosphere seemed right--a darkly lit punk tavern that appeared used to severe damage. We felt hopeful. Stang was at the club when we arrived. Soon the Portland "meta-clench" of Orton Nenslo, Donna Kossey, Onan Canobite, Crawford Smith, Lou Man-Yeti, and Popess Nikitta Gardner were milling about, and the ranters were kicking back. Stang was quite pleased to have met Popess Nikitta after all this time. We could have chatted longer, but it was time for Stang to get ready.

And then... DEVIVAL.

Dr. Howl, having the most sonorous voice, acted as MC and preached at length while the first "act" got ready.

Then we were introduced to Jim Cser, The Duke of Uke. I had no idea what to expect, and was in

retrospect glad for it, because the Duke ROCKED. Literally. He whipped out versions of "Anarchy In The UK" and "I Wanna Be Sedated" and "Communication Breakdown" and "Rock 'N Roll" before a delighted audience.

He then placed a ceramic honey bear on the pulpit: "This... is your heart." Then he picked up an iron skillet: "This... is love. And THIS is your heart in love!" SLAM. Shards of honey bear sprayed a completely unprepared audience like a black-hearted Gallagher concert. "ANY QUESTIONS?!?"

Pope Angus took the stage and led the audience through a round of Slack Jeopardy. Next, Crawford Smith came on stage and welcomed the audience with stern warnings about the EndTimes. My vote for best Sign of the EndTimes was, "a woman giving birth to a baby with SEVEN HEADS... AND SEVEN BODIES!!!" His warnings were soon forgotten as he hefted a mighty Bucket Of Pills into the audience's agape faces.

During his rant Rev. Stang did something I have NEVER heard him do. He grasped his hands in prayer, stared out in the audience as if in utter awe and worship, and declared: "You know, 'Bob's' promise DOES ring true! I HAVE GOTTEN MORE PUSSY AND BETTER PUSSY THAN I EVER HAVE IN MY WHOLE LIFE!!! And that's not just me, it's ALL THE DOKTORS!!!" I was utterly nonplussed--it was the most honest thing I have heard out of Stang's mouth yet.

It was then up to Phineas Narco to whip out his Janor-channeling, and damn if it didn't sound like the many-tongued freak of nature himself. Phineas also gave tips on how to survive X-Day, which I noted on

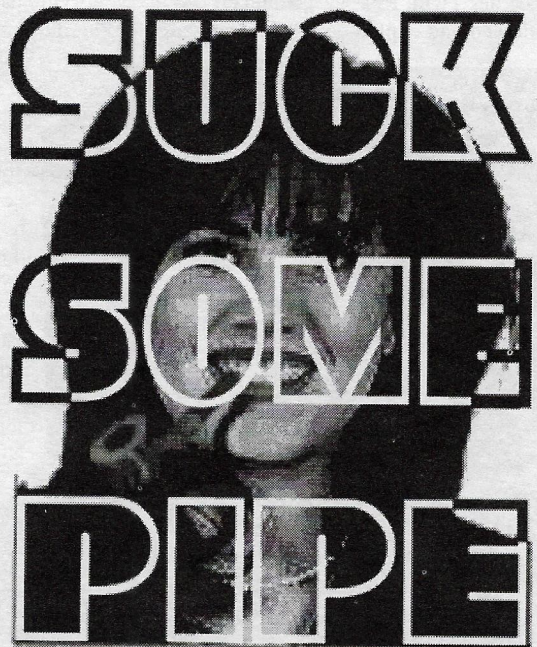
the off-chance I might need to offer suggestions to follower types. I'm just gonna WING IT.

Phineas cleared the stage and with visible emotion Dr. Howl announced the next preacher, my personal HERO among bat-callers and squid-debeakers, Sternodox Keckhaver. And MAN, he KICKED EVERYONE'S ASS HARD AND FAST! After whipping through his rhyming Brag and the old Drs. For "Bob" "explanation", he revealed to his audience what wonders of wisdom can come from ignorant rednecks when they're shown a picture of a subincision*. "Why would anyone do such a thing?" he asked his neighbor. Why? "CAUSE THEY'RE A DUMBASS." I got to admit I've used the term "dumbass" on many occasions since then. Sterno is simultaneously the RAUNCHIEST and the CLASSIEST of all the preachers.

** Subincision: The practice of slitting open and "unrolling" a penis via the urethra, often performed at the age of 17 to Australian Aboriginal males in order to mimic the penis of a kangaroo, which led to Sterno's question and the answer above.*

It's pretty hard to follow-up Sterno, but Jesus Christ is a formidable act in and of himself. His first act was to heal a

wilting Dobbshhead on the back of the stage--AMEN! Then He delivered one of his



**"To fight bullshit, you gotta
USE bullshit. And J. R. "Bob"
Dobbs has the BEST
BULLSHIT money can buy!"**

infamous
parables. Pretty soon he was in a healing
frenzy like I never saw before, and
DESPITE my refusal to participate, I found
myself walking up to Jesus to ask for His
grace.

"What is your problem, sister?"

"My tits are too small, Jesus!"

"Well, I'm gonna need both hands for
this...."

When Jesus laid those hands on
my chest, I FELT SOMETHING SPECIAL.
And when I came to, I knew that, despite
the bruises and possible concussion I
incurred when I fell, and despite the
copious amounts of foam about my mouth,
and despite the giggles of the girls into
whose laps I had fallen, I HAD BEEN
HEALED. Praise Jesus!

The other memorable healing
occurred when a poor schmuck from the
audience confessed that he had a girlfriend
yet jacked off twice a day. Jesus fixed that--
now he has a girlfriend and jacks off FOUR
times a day!

Popess Nikitta stepped up to the
mic next and delivered--OH BOY
HOW SHE DELIVERED!!!--a
loud and raunchy rendition of her
Brag, one that made me truly proud
to be her Twin. Rev. Lou ManYeti
followed and explained why he cannot be

beat. Afterward, Stang returned to the
stage to perform a Mass Short Duration
Marriage. I married Popess Nikitta; it was
a very tender moment.

Then the stage was cleared for
the most vital moment of the evening.
The time had come to Launch the Head.
As there was no proper nine-iron around,
Sterno had to use a HUGE PIPE that was
laying on-stage. But prior to the launching
a young lad in PVC and fishnets wandered
onstage and FUCKED THE NECKSTUMP
IN FRONT OF AN INCREDULOUS
AUDIENCE. But the Head did get
Launched, repeatedly in fact. At one point I
drop-kicked the Head deep into the
audience, busting one of the lamps in the
process.

Stang hushed the crowd at this
juncture and announced the War On God to
a very receptive audience, followed with a
most maudlin farewell to those who hadn't
paid their \$30, as we go on our mission
through the cosmos, conquering planet after
planet and bringing Slack to the universe.

The Seattle devival was
completely different. I was smack dab in
the middle of it, running amok for most of
the night, with Rev.

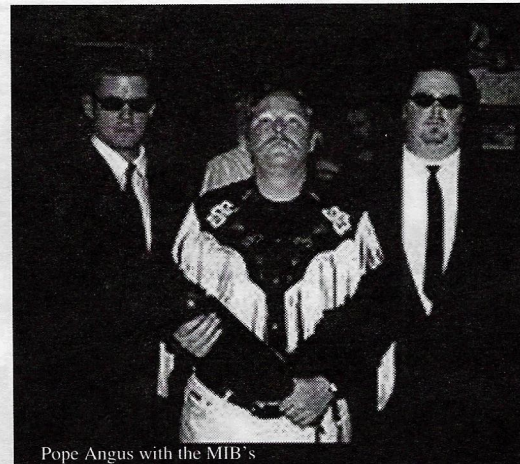
Seattle

Bruce Boblight
serving as stage manager. It was sometimes
hard to know exactly what was going on.
That's OK--I like it that way.

Dr. Howl introduced me to the
audience. I stepped up to the pulpit
and began an evocation of the Rebel
Gods. One by one they appeared on
the stage, screaming and yelling at
the audience. The crowd seemed to
like Narnini's Disappearing Tootsie
Pop Trick the best; nobody had the
courage to accept Eris' challenge of
Who's The Fairest. (Can't say that I
blame them, really.) Once the gods
were present I bade the audience bow
their heads for a moment of sacred
NOISE. With the audience suitably
primed I launched into my rant
about the failure of

Rationality. "To fight
bullshit, you gotta USE
bullshit. And J. R.
"Bob" Dobbs has

offended by expressions like,
"Fuck you!" or "This sucks!" At
about that time Onan Canobite
came on-stage to sing a rousing
round of "I Wanna Die For
"Bob"", with Mark Hostler of
Negativland and sound-God
Otis F. Odder providing the



Pope Angus with the MIB's

the BEST BULLSHIT money can buy!" At
some point during my sermon I brought my
rattan cane down hard onto the pulpit and
SMASHED IT TO BITS, saying: "Friends,
even the PULPIT can FEEL THE SPIRIT
TONIGHT!"

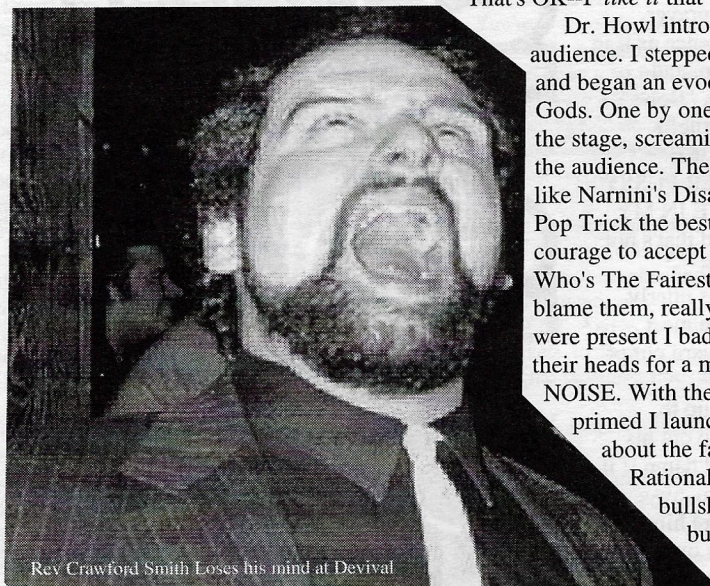
Ragin' Pope Angus whipped
through a round of Slack Jeopardy after I
finished preaching. Again Dr. Howl
verified the answers, but apparently
intimidated by Angus' Mr. Happy Fun
Paddle he didn't complain as loudly as
before about the correct form for the
answers.

Onan, Sterno, and Stang had their
sermonizing down PAT. Dr. Howl gave
what I understand was an excellent rant--I
was tending to some emergency at this
point, unfortunately. Orton Nenslo climbed
upon the stage at one point and explained

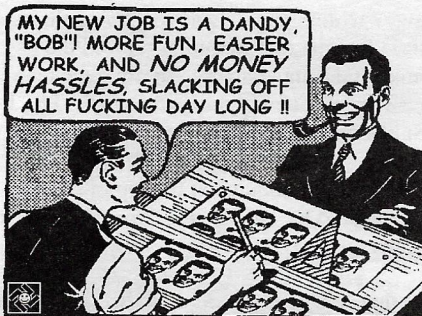
how much he loves
STEENKY WOMEN. Some
time after that, Puzzling
Evidence stepped up to the
pulpit and began to speak. Suddenly
NheeGhee appeared with a sign reading
""BOB" SENT ME" and carrying a pistol;
the room rang with the sound of the
gunshot. PuzEv was so disoriented that it
took him a couple of seconds to realize that
he had been shot by EeHeegEeHeen Itself.
Finally he said, "Oh," and fell dead to the
stage. Fortunately, I had a pipe full of
frappie on hand, and attempted a
resurrection. It seemed it was successful, as
PuzEv began to smoke the 'Frop the
moment I put the stem into his mouth. He
got up a few seconds later and walked off
the stage.

Pope Angus came back on to
administer some healings, and to
scientifically prove that there is a "Bob".

Halfway through Jesus' rant He
was approached by my friend Judas
Iscariot, who announced that he had come
to make amends by paying for a SubGenius
membership--in thirty silver dollars. Stang
came back to perform the ShorDurMar



Rev Crawford Smith Loses his mind at Devival



again (and I got hitched again to Nikitta), then performed the One World Anthem like the night before.

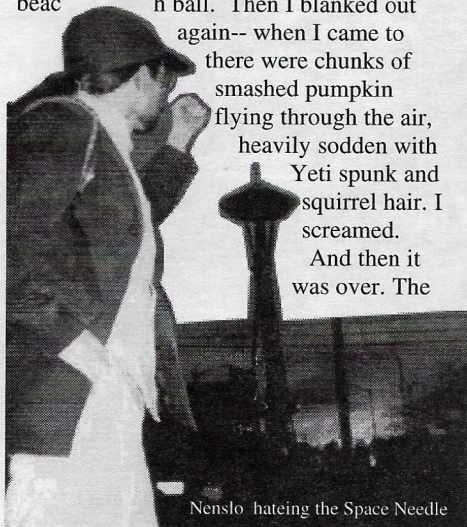
THEN.

A great hush filled the auditorium as, one by one, the Doktors manned their musical instruments. Serno tuned up his bass, Gene Splice tuned down his guitar, Snavely Ecklund beat his saxophone against his gasmasked face, and Stang and Phineas DARED assume Janor's position in front of the mic.

There was no warning when the first slice of pure Doktormusik ripped through the air. The audience was helpless in the onslaught and began abusing one another in a fit of pure reaction. Even I, who had been bracing myself all night long, blanked out for moments--minutes?--at a time, only to come around with someone else's dismembered limb in my hand. At one point the Bleeding Head was launched with a proper nine-iron, and it landed right at my feet. I booted it back into the audience and let it continue its epic journey.

Some audience member climbed on-stage and grabbed the *Pumpkin Full Of Squirrels*, which we were saving for later, babbled at full volume at the oblivious and murderous audience, and **THREW THE PUMPKIN INTO THE CROWD**. I nearly shut down the devival in panic, but instead ran frantically for the pumpkin which the audience was now tossing around like a beach ball. Then I blanked out

again-- when I came to there were chunks of smashed pumpkin flying through the air, heavily sodden with Yeti spunk and squirrel hair. I screamed. And then it was over. The



Nenslo hating the Space Needle

audience, exposed to the potent semen of true first-generation Doktors, fell one by one with a twitch. Drs. For "Bob", sensing they had accomplished their goal of killing the audience, packed up their instruments and cleared the stage, leaving me with the body count. Fortunately, there was sufficient cash in the wallets to bribe both the police and the club owners, and we quickly rendered the bodies for their fat and salt.

Meanwhile, I counted the money, thinking to myself that, despite all the shit I have to go through at times, I was darn fortunate to be a SubGenius.

Boston

by: Modemac

April 23, 1998: a Thursday night. A work night (for people with regular jobs). One of the last episodes of "Seinfeld" on TV. A coastal storm driving sheets of rain and soaking anyone who dares to go outside.

And WE HAD ONE OF THE GREATEST DEVIVALS IN THE ENTIRE HISTORY OF THE CHURCH OF THE SUBGENIUS!

Friday Jones busted her ass putting this thing together. She posted flyers all over the Boston area, set up her remarkable Web page, faxed out press releases, and even paid the club fee out of her own pocket. If this thing was a dud, she would be in deep shit.

The rain started in the morning, and only got heavier throughout the day. As for me, I had somehow been conned into letting Dr. K'Taden Legume crash at my place. I picked him up at Logan Airport. Only a few minutes after he had encountered my family, we were kicked out of the house and my dog was whimpering and walking funny. Hopefully she wasn't too traumatized, but Legume was in a relatively jovial mood after that. He was also amused at the fact that he was chastised by grocery store clerks when he tried to buy cigarettes in his clerical collar.



After some-how surviving the initial encounter, Legume and I headed off to Friday Jones' lair, where she was in the final stages of preparing. Friday was practically a

nervous wreck

When we arrived at the Middle East, Bill T. Miller and Vernon Tart were already in the final stages of setting up the sound equipment. A brand new SubGenius preacher's pulpit arrived, courtesy of Reverend Ed Strange. The preparations proceeded smoothly, and all of the scheduled SubGenius preachers arrived on time: Pope David Meyer, D.K. Jones, Brother Cleve Duncan, and several friends from alt.slack, including a few I hadn't met in person before. There was also a camera crew there who had flown in all the way from Belgium especially to film this Devival!

We had not been prepared for "Bob." In his almighty luck and stupidity, "Bob" let the Slack flow freely this evening, in a way that has rarely if ever been seen before. The people came in, and they came in, and they came in. The place



Stang, busted with the cash and the head.

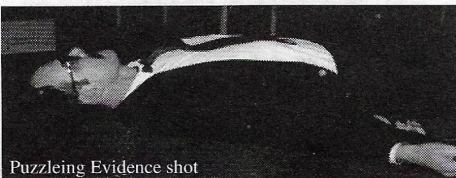


Dr. Howl preachin' to the masses

was packed, wall to wall, standing room only. The Doktor Band didn't drive them away, the hate-filled ranting didn't drive them away, and they ALL got Slack! For this was a night where EVERYONE felt the touch of "Bob," and the audience inspired the preachers to Rant as if this was the very last Devival! And indeed, IT WAS!

Stang gave us a new Rant: "X-Day is coming, dear friends -- it's less than 75 days away!" X-Day was on everyone's mind, as Stang urged us once again to stay alive until X-Day, and he pondered the stupid questions of those dumb-ass Bobbies who keep saying "Neener neener neener! There are no saucers coming, you guys are just so dumb, give me back my \$30!" Ha! Those poor fools will be singing a different tune in just a couple of months...and I sure as hell won't have any pity for 'em.

Stang's rant was only the beginning of a succession of climaxes, orgasm after orgasm, as the energy surged and the crowd roared and the Doktors



Puzzling Evidence shot

belted out noise that assaulted the senses and OPENED THE WALLETS.

The King Of Slack, Bill T. Miller, gave us a taste of what's on the Orgy of Slack CD with his famous rant, "X-Day's A Comin' And The Pinks Are Bummin'!" The crowd ate it up. They screamed, they danced, they fucked, they let Bill know that he truly IS the King of Slack!

Brother Cleve Duncan belted out a rockin' tune of "'Bob' Is My Load," and he got up with a microphone and ranted. D.K. Jones gave us still more Slackful music, and he ranted.

All of the Doktors got their turns at the microphone, and the Rants were not

every whim...and he was so excited that a little later he rushed out and seized the mike and Ranted again! "In my seventeen years of preaching, this is the GREATEST SubGenius Devival I have ever seen! You have restored my faith in 'Bob,' my children!" he shouted at the top of his lungs. And he was RIGHT. For ALL of the ranters were in top form.

Father K'Taden Legume warned us that X-Day is not going to be nice. We're not going to be able to sit back and let the Xists do our jobs for us, the Battle of Armageddon is coming, and WE, the card-carrying dues-paying SubGenii are going to have to FIGHT for our Slack! Are YOU ready? Have YOU sent your money to "Bob" yet? Legume did. I did. Several long-time friends of mine did, right then at the club that night

The Ranting was so strong that the final Doktor Jam Session had to be canceled, because the audience had to take its turn ranting. And Rant they did: they gave us some fine Rants that matched the FIRE of Stang and Meyer, the HATE of Legume, and the LYRICS of Bill T. Miller and Vernon Tart!

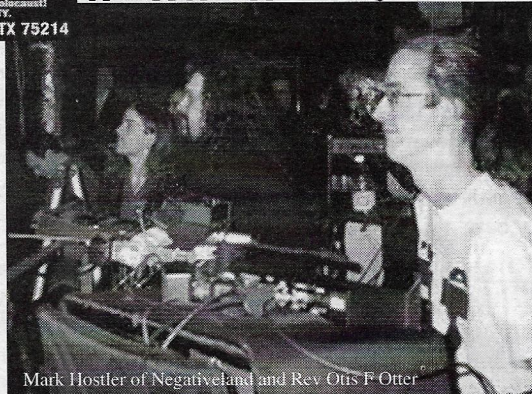
A couple of dumb-asses even ranted about how great they were because they hadn't sent their \$30 to "Bob." "It's all lies! I'm going to fight my way onto the saucers and not pay any money!" Ha. When X-day comes, it's gonna be JUST TOO BAD FOR THEM.



Poster by Nenslo

just rants -- they were RANTS! They were EXCITING and INSIGHTFUL and SLACKFUL!

But none of this could compare with the triumphant return of David Meyer, the Pope Of All New York, who gave us not one but TWO sermons. His first sermon, "I Serve The Conspiracy," had the audience eating out of the palm of his hand. They responded to his



Mark Hostler of Negativland and Rev Otis F Otter



FUCK THE MEDIA!!

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PHINNY'S FUNHOUSE

Phineas Narco's underground hideaway of

Subgenius, Negativland and

assorted goodies



URL: <http://www.carhart.com/~phineas/>
email: narco@bigfoot.com

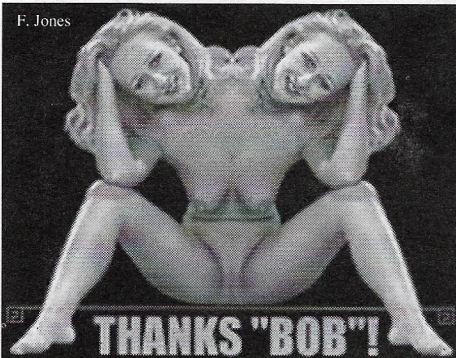


What? There's a "Conspiracy?"

GET SERIOUS!

<http://www.tiac.net/users/modemac/>

F. Jones



OTHER MUTANTS

Greetings fellow freaks. Yes we've managed to keep this thing updated. Special thanks this time to Rev Deathchick for updating and formatting. You'll find most addresses are current! This is of course the extensive guide to your Brother and Sister SubGenii, as well as other freaks, visionaries, cults, and kooks. This time we focused on 'Zines and other printed crap. Don't forget to tell us of dead addresses and if you too are a Mutant worthy of recognition!

Some loose guidelines of how to be included in this most sacred of lists:

Be a renegade SubGenius or disorganized Clench distributing your own SubGenius propaganda, tapes, pamphlets, 'zines, holy relics, stickers, used napkins, etc., be a SubGenius or other Patriopsychoic Anarchomaterialist selling Church sanctioned merchandise, be a Subsymp (SubGenius sympathizer), and regularly advertising for the Church, or otherwise advancing "Bob's" directives. In other words "Ask not what "Bob" can do for you, ask what you can do for "Bob"" -

Prescriptures 8:4. So, if you feel you are worthy of "Bob's" notice send us your info, with an example of your propaganda to: Other Mutants c/o The SubGenius Foundation 140306 Dallas, TX 75124. - Jesus — There can Be Only One.

DISCLAIMER- The SubGenius Foundation Inc., its officers, and share holders are in no way responsible for any result of attempting to contact the below organizations or individuals. We do not guarantee their services or necessarily support their views or opinions. If you are ripped off, it's your tough luck, but let us know and we will take it to grand high council, whereupon a decision will be handed down from Church Hierarchy and if deemed necessary the offending address will be removed from all records.

Jesus Christ's Mini Book Review

Free Energy Pioneer: John Worrell Keely

by Theo Pajmans

IllumiNet Press ISBN 1-881532-15-1

Another IllumiNet classic. Like many of the books from IllumiNet this book reads like someone's masters thesis. I'm not suggesting that this book is boring, I'm eluding to the extensive research and attention to detail the author gives to his subject. The first part of the book focuses on Keely and his machines, presenting documented articles, letters as well as stories handed down about this fascinating eccentric. Somewhere in the middle, the book looks at Keely's associates (which reads like the kook hall of fame) as well as other free energy pioneers. There is a tremendous amount of excellent material here and I highly recommend it as a reference to all kookologists. However, one warning. The back cover and introduction by John A Keel are misleading. Although I have not yet completed this book, the evidence presented thus far paints Keely as an eccentric fraud, not a free energy pioneer. Perhaps the book is about to take a dramatic shift for Keel states the book "proves once and for all that the tales of compressed air [rumored to be the true source of the supposed free energy] are nothing but hot air" and "Keely found the secret [to free energy], and it lies somewhere in this book." So far this looks like some ploy to sell more books for the only secret I have discovered is that Keely had learned to pull the wool over his own eyes a century before the Church was formed. Again, I highly recommend this book as a resource for information and insight into interesting organizations, cults, and ideas that still have great influence on underground technology. But if your looking for that final piece to complete your Zero Point Energy, Orgone, perpetual motion, earth field, generator and Hartman-line detector, better look somewhere else.

SubGenius Zines, Magazines, Books, Pamphlets, Comics

A1 Waste Paper Co. LTD - Michael Hgiel - 71 Lambeth Walk, London, SE11 GDX, UK - Cut up word frenzy old ad mutated grafix humor.

The Compound - c/o J Reichert- PO Box 387, Orlando, FL 32802 - SubG 'Zine

The Cranial Hemorrhage Gazette - the Church of the Darkshoe - Rev. Raymond Wilding - 1202 Lexington Ave., New York, NY 10028 - Bleeding head launcher's zine.

Fools' Press - Rev. Sheldon der Wehr, Popess Lilith von Fraumench - 1202 E Pike St #769--Seattle, WA 98122-3934

USA - bd196@scn.org - SubG Post Cards, more

HEADLINES - Rev. Dave Mitchell - PO Box 5094, Winter Park, FL 32793-5094 - Bleeding Head of Arnold Palmer 'Zine

Holy Temple of Mass Consumption (HToMC) - PO Box 30904, Raleigh, NC 27622-0904 - SubG 'Zine with extensive contacts, comics, lists. www4.ncsu.edu/unity/users/a/aiken/htomc.html

Juggling with Slack - Bryan the Juggler -Church of the Great Juggle, 2002-A Guadalupe St. #623, Austin, TX 78705-5609 - Send \$2 for great 16 pg pamphlet teaching "how to" and why every Sub should learn this ancient art.

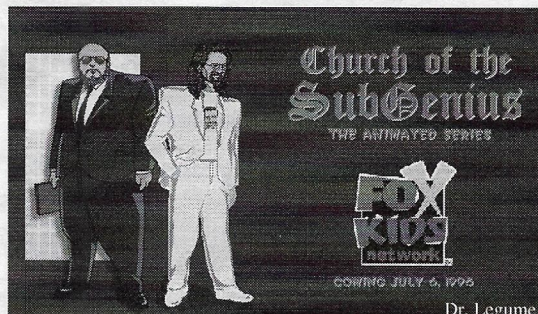
Kustomer Product - "Weevils" Larason - 126 Newton, Denver, CO 80219 - Comics manipulated with "Bob" heads, pipes, and other Substuff. Small xeroxed 'zine, but pretty funny. No Price.

Looking Glass - Butcher and Wood - 2 Higgins St., Nannup, WA 6275 AUSTRALIA - Comic 'Zine with heavy SubG overtones and a few "Bobs" for good measure. - No price, but I'd send at least \$3 for postage.

Obloquy - PO Box 5902, Wilmington, NC 28403-0879 - Sub 'Zine.

Ogyr Network - Saint @ndreaux, Pope Phred - PO box 53, Plainfield, IL 60544 - <http://www.prairenet.org/~saint/homepage.html>

SubG/
Discordian
Euthanasia
n Art
Damage
Music
'Zine -
Send \$2



or sample.

Parts - The Irreverent Friday Jones -FFriday Jones 456
Moody Street Suite #134, Waltham, MA 02453. Send \$2.00

QUIJIBO - Rev. Dr. Christopher Lee - 18 W Main Apt X,
Greenfield, IN 46140 - New SubG 'Zine. Specializing in
alt.slack rants, slack, and beer! 3 big issues out so far. #3 X-
day drill special is great. Send \$3 for each.

Slacktower - Terror Australis Clench/Scissors of Sight
Schism - PO Box 528 Gosnells, WA 6110 Australia - Very
slick Australian 'Zine with color cover - No price but I
would send at least \$5- \$10 due to the quality and high
shipping prices.

ToeJamborree Comics- Pastor Bedtime - PO Box 61612,
Savannah, GA 31420 - An armadillo, a beaver, a cat, and
other animals doing human shit... it's funny, o.k.?

Riley, St. Joe -2523 San Paula, Dallas, TX 75228 - "BOB"
and NHEE GHEE RUBBER MASKS, very sick comic

REDLAUGH, The Sacred Order of - 661 W. Forest Apt.
1FW, Detroit, MI 48201 - SubGenius/Zen word barrage,
single page, rant 'zine.

Vision Temple- Rev. Matthew A. Carey, PO Box 594,
Arcata CA 95518 -Vision Temple, 'Zine. Fun & Chaos -
Send \$1, accepts submissions, and cheap advertising
available

So What? - Rev. Groovy G. - PO Box 378, Richmond, VA

23303 - SubG 'Zine, Crazy Christian Conspiracy Comics --
dependable publishing schedule, absolutely a gut blow-out.
Jesus' favorite SubZine. Dobbs Approved.

Yeah...And? OverRev Wi(II)am, 1305 Cullen Suite A,
Austin, TX 78757-1905 -abner@bga.com - SubG 'Zine

Yeti Times - Yetis for "Bob" -PO Box 07442, Milwaukee,
WI 53207- send \$1 or trade.

Other Mutant Zines, Magazines, Books, Pamphlets, Comics

AAA Electra 99 - 4320 Campus Drive Suite #110, Newport
Beach, CA 92660 - Richard Johnson "Cab Driver to the
Gods"- A small pamphlet, with upcoming artists showings at
their free and open space and gallery (which may have been
shut down by the Con). Also contains mission statement
and recent press. Send SASE.

Amputek Publications - PO Box #418, Houston, TX
77070 - Underground E-Zine, Weirder then the "Weekly
World News and Bob Larson Combined!" -
www.clearlight.com/~pb/ - amputek@kender.brewich.com

ARG catalog - Soapbox Junc, PO Box 597996, Chicago, IL
60659 -\$3, tons of high weirdness

ATOMIC BOOKS "Literary Finds for Mutated Minds" -
229 West Read St., Baltimore, MD 21201 - 410.728.5490:
Fax 410.669.4179: BBS 410.889.3543: Phone. [http://](http://www.clark.net/pub/atomicbk/home.html)
www.clark.net/pub/atomicbk/home.html

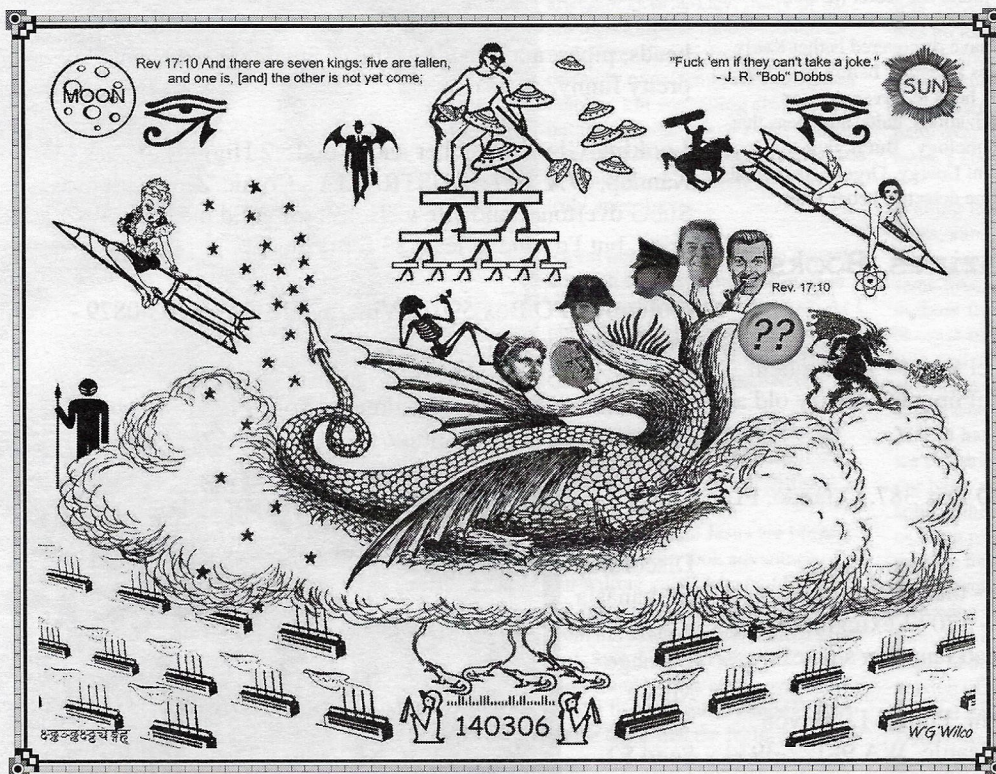
Boredom Inc. Thanatos - PO
Box 67, A.F., UT 84003 - 'Zine

Baby Sue Review -- PO Box
8989, Atlanta GA 30306, \$3
sample, really SICK comics,
music CDs

BRUTARIAN "The Magazine
That Dares to Be Lame" -
Odium Ent. Box 25222,
Arlington VA 22202-9222. -
\$6/issue, \$12/year - sleaze
worship, very un-p.c.

CRASH COLLUSION - PO
Box 49233, Austin TX 78765 -
psychotronic/conspiracy/UFOs/
psychedelics/Philip K. Dick/
Elder Gods/Szukalski/toad-
licking mag - 4/\$12 or
\$5/sample

Daemonolatriea 696 - Whores



of Goddess Scientists (WOGSS) -1800 Market St. #47, San Francisco, CA 94102- Adults only. Black magic, rebellion, and art. \$6.66.

Dilinger's Penis - Hemlock Martini - PO box 702, St. Charles, MO 63302-0702 - Part Sci Fi story, part rant, part poetry, Xeroxed and stapled for your pleasure - No Price - Caution: only have one issue out since last year, may be gone.

Dr. Agon Dreams - Agonic Productions - PO Box 1282, Fort Collins, CO 80522 - Freaky comic 'zine. Send \$1.50 for copy.

EARTH'S FINAL WARNING! "A New World Order Is Coming!" - Heralds of Truth, PO Box 800, Puyallup, WA 98371.

EIDOS: Everyone Is Doing Outrageous Sex - Sexual freedom and erotic entertainment for consenting adults. - PO Box 96, Boston, MA 02137-0096 - (617)262-0096. Quarterly/ \$25.

Eye Magazine - News, Culture, Retro. A "real" magazine but not yet contaminated by the Con. Hell, they have a section dedicated to Bulldada! Last month's cover story was on the SubGenius, the month before was on Xuxa. Still hard to find in most stores. 301 S. Elm Street, Suite 405, Greensboro, NC, 27401-2636 (888)READ EYE BiMonthly. Subscriptions 1yr/\$14

THE EXCLUDED MIDDLE - "An Esoteric Journal for the Masses" - PO Box 1077, Los Angeles, CA 90048; 4/\$12 or \$3.50/sample - excellent high weirdness, UFOs, bulldada mag

Fantagraphics Books -7563 Lake City Way NE, Seattle WA 98115. 800-657-1100 - free catalog of fine "underground" comics.

FLAVOR CONTRA Comics -- EFF & Knisely, PO Box 931, Chapel Hill, NC 27514, \$4.50/issue -- bizarro comics.

Four-Alarm FIRESIGNAL -- 1747 65th St., Brooklyn NY 11204 \$2 - news of Firesign Theater.

FRINGE WARE REVIEW - PO Box 49921, Austin, TX 78765 \$3.50 sample, 4/\$12 - general high weirdness, hacker, Conspiracy, bulldada mag

FUNNY PAGES - PO Box 317025, Dayton, OH 45437 - rude jokes.

GET STUPID -1st Church of Mr. Science - 25 Grant St., Cambridge, MA 02138 -- very weird zines

GOBLIN magazine -- PO Box 14, Guerneville CA, 95446 (Free, send \$1 for postage) - interviews with famous weirdoes

Goth, Shmoth - Rev. Paul T. Olsen - PO Box 3472, Minneapolis, MN, 55403 - paultolsen@aol.com - dark, sexy fiction and art - \$1.50.

GRAY AREAS - PO Box 808, Broomall, PA 19008-0808 - slick mag about fringe subjects

It's Only a Movie - Pope

Michael Flores - P.O. Box 14683, Chicago, IL 60614 - Movie review 'zine. Now published quite regularly. Send \$2.00.

ILLUMINET PRESS - PO Box 2808, Liburn, GA 30226.

Junkbin - Josh - 2005 N. Chevrolet, Flint, MI 48504 - The Point where all of the products of the international underground come together... approx 10 pg XeroxZine.

Kossy, Donna J. - PO Box 86663, Portland OR 97286 - High priestess of Kookdom now with her own 'Zine, called "BOOKHAPPY" about rare and strange books and those who love them, and may want to buy them. Send \$5.

LAST GASP, INC. - 2180 Bryant St., San Francisco, CA 94110 - (415) 824-6636 - Comics, T-Shirts, Books

THE LITTLE BLACK BOOK - Paul Rydeen, PO Box 250147, Montgomery, AL 36125-0147, \$5 postpaid- Resource on Secret Societies, high weirdness

LOOMPANICS Unlimited - PO Box 1197, Port Townsend, WA 98368 -1 (360)385-7471 - loompanix@olympus.net - Excellent collection of underground literature, sex, drug manufacture, bombing, suppressed science, also prints a giant catalog collection of hundreds of hard to find titles.

Mitchel, Dave - PO Box 5094, Winter Park, FL 32793-5094 - Comics - Barefoot and Pregnant 3 & 4, Killcity 1-4 - Send \$1 for each, worth it.

Murder Can Be Fun - John Marr - PO Box 640111 San Francisco, CA 94164 - Best Murder 'Zine around.

NegativFanBoyland - Don "Don-O" Fields - 1508 Faymont, Manhattan Beach, CA 90266 - the definitive Negativland fanzine - \$1.

Norvco Novelties - 2423 Pacific #201, Bellingham, WA 98226 - Publishers of "Creepco" comics, black and white monster cow madness- \$1/issue.

PARANOIA - PO Box 3570, Cranston, RI 02910 \$12/year - Conspiracy theories. ALHIDELL@AOL.COM

President's Box Bookshop - PO Box 1255, Washington, DC 20013 - Specializing in the assassination of American presidents and related subjects.

Psychotronic Video - 3309 Rt 97, Narrowsburg, NY 12764-6126 - (914)252-6803 - Bulldada Video Movie Guide publisher - \$5/per issue.

REX RESEARCH -- PO Box 19250, Jean, NV 89019 -- Alternate Technology, suppressed research

Romp and Frolic in the Apocalypse - Rev Moskwa, Rev

MUTANTS RESOURCES LIST - \$1

Jesus has begun trying to recreate and update the old Other Mutants and High Weirdness lists, bringing them into the Modern Age. INCREDIBLE: NO DEAD ADDRESSES!! LISTS ALL THE SUBGENII WHO WANT YOU TO KNOW THEY EXIST, AND TO BUY OR TRADE GOOD EVILS AND EVIL GOODS WITH THEM. Much like above except complete. 6 amazing pages of mutants, jokers and freaks.

Stalteor - <http://www.apk.net/romp> - "The corrosive shit that leaks from the REAL God's batteries! Guaranteed to fuck your mind for good and curse us ALL!"

SCHWA - Box 6064, Reno, NV 89513-6064 - great art, the final word on aliens.

SKEPTICAL INQUIRER -- Box 703, Amherst NY 14226 - anti-kook mag.

Slave Labor Graphics - 979 S. Bascom Ave., San Jose, CA 95128 -1-800-866-8929- Comics: Milk and Cheese, Too Much Coffee Man, etc.

Smite 'zine - PO Box 624 Diboll, TX 75941.

STEAMSHOVEL PRESS -- PO Box 23715, St. Louis MO 63121 (\$5.50 pp/issue) - Conspiracy theories, etc.

Survivor - Darke Knight Productions - Thomas J. Evens - 11-15 45th Ave., LIC, NY 11101. Weird survival and info 'zine, plenty of good resource info as well.

UFO Magazine and phenomena report - 8123 Foothill Blvd., Sunland CA 91040 - Bi-Monthly - \$25 for yearly subscription - (818)951-1250 - Professional style UFO magazines. Good articles, always has the coolest advertisers selling alien related crap.

WHOLLY CHAO! - POEE - 202 Forest Hill Rd., West Monroe, LA 71291-9007 - Being a sampler of Discordian Society. Hail Eris! All Hail Discordia!

WFMU MAIL ORDER CATALOG - PO Box 1191,

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I AM ANOTHER MUTANT

Name
Organization
Address
Description (15 words or less)
<i>Clench, Music, Zine, Individual, Cult, Other (circle)</i>
Send with examples to New Mutants c/o The SubGenius Foundation

Montclair NJ 07042 - tons of bulldada, all media.

ZONTAR, MAGAZINE FROM VENUS - Jan Arthur Johnson - 29 Darling St. #2, Boston, MA 02120 - \$5 - dedicated to badfilm .



The Sacred Arse. The man who experienced the most pain during Armageddon. While others fought, this warrior took the needle for "Bob"

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AN OPEN LETTER TO GARY COLEMAN

Hollywood is such a wonderful place. A true reflection of life. The few get the the gold, a few get the iron pyrite, and a whole bunch get to work a long dreary life in the food service industry.

Some of these idiots get their table waiting careers interrupted by a quick sit-com, a temporary twinkling star yanked away quicker than the metal rabbit at a dog track.

Case in point: Gary Coleman. Poster-child-star. Part of an unholy trinity of spoiled fuck-ups, Senor Coleman, you're the only one not to become a crack-fiend, porno, hold-up-artist, yet. You instead have opted for becoming assaultive as your thirties dawn and you look on your glorious future in the rent-a-cop profession. You're being sued for a cool million by some dumb transit worker who thinks that the security industry doles out six to seven digits to its low level flunkies. Or, more likely thinks that a man would work at a mall cuffing shoplifters and other petty criminals if he was sitting on a mint pimped up when he was tyke.

I've had my path crossed by two of the trio in my life of never ending shit jobs. I came across a drunk Todd Bridges at a D.A.R.E. fundraiser where I was dealing craps of all things, which is a

whole different rant on its own, and Gary, you came through the drive thru at the Corporation Deathburger I was working at in '86'. You made sure we all knew who you were and that you were going to "The Springs" (Palm Springs that is). All the kids minus me and huge, ol', black stud appropriately named Fleetwood, went to the window to ogle your ego-midget ass. When one of the star-struck McFlunkies asked us if we wanted to see you I shrugged and laughed. Fleetwood thundered out, "That little niggah' don' mean shit to me!" and went back to scraping burnt grease off the grill.

Not quite washed up at the time, but those limo rides out to "The Springs" added up night after night. You figure that making hundreds of thousands if not millions a year would pile up and make life a little easier. A little over a decade later you're guarding a bunch of neon, corporate store fronts. The small bit of sympathy left in my black, lard-infested heart hopes that it's a night job guarding an empty mall. It'd suck to have to put up with that face

recognition coming back to haunt you when you're trying to grind through your already fucked up hourly job.

That's the price of fame, Hoss. The T.V. flickers like a bug lamp, the moth brain populace bouncing their miniature attention spans off of it, and you're forgotten as soon as the next hip young thing or geek oddity is paraded by. Only the memories of the products remain as the pod people plod unknowing down the aisles in the quest for whatever bright colored package was programmed in between your canned and predictable situational prattle.

There it is in a nut-shell Gary. Welcome to the wonderful world of the hourly wage. Most of the fucks out there probably won't remember you, but they'll have that "need" for Coke, or Tide, or Chevy still burned in their skulls thanks to your mighty thespian talents. So guard that fucking mall. It's poetic that you're at the hub of candyland commerce. Because your acting career was nothing more than a set up for a sell, a catch phrase, a golf clap and fake laugh to ease the customers onto the sales-killing-floor.

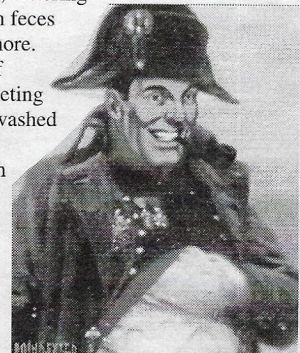
Hey at least you didn't turn into a ex-con, junky, or find your way into porno. A porno, Gary! That's it! There's how you could get back into the public eye. Fuck this probably cooked-up, publicity, law-suit stunt. The only way anyone will pay the ticket to see your tired ol' ass is if you give them something new. You and Todd could throw a fuck down on that blond bim' co-star whose name escapes me. I mean the life of a security guard has got to grind down on you day after day. I'd pay the rental price to see you and Todd spraying your spunk all over that thieving blonde's grimacing face.

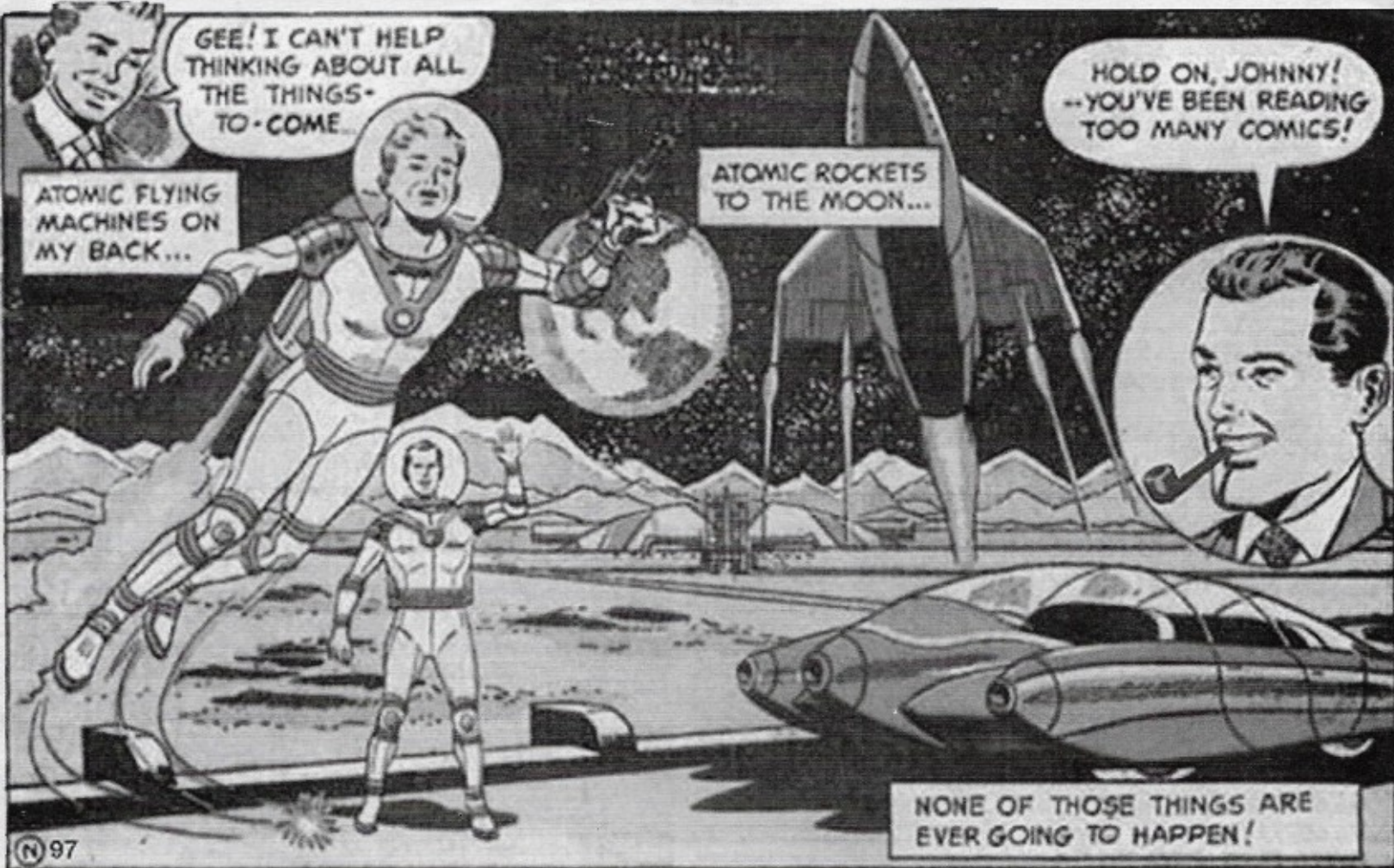
I mean your not cut out for mall security in Culver City. Unless your packing a large caliber hand-gun or shotgun, I just don't think any of the L.A. hoods are going to let your pint size, rent-a-pig ass stop their theft of whatever overpriced sneaker is currently in vogue.

We can all picture the scene. A couple of gold-toothed, gold-chained thugs, their pants hanging down past their asses, holding the sneakers over your head as you jump for them screaming, "Give 'em to me!" And the homey retorting, "Wah' chu talkn' 'bout?" just before driving his steel-forked hair pick into your pseudo-pig eyes.

Fuck you Gary. I hope this lady gets every cent you got. I hope you wind up trading blows for blow, or more appropriately sucks on the flesh dick for sucks on the glass dick. Happy Skid-Row, T-bird, Mad Dog 20/20 drinking, festering in a pile of your own feces you ex-corporate whore. And, fuck the rest of your corporate marketing whore community, washed up or not. Satan's eternal casting couch ass-fuck awaits you in hell.

*Hatefully yours,
The Right Rev.
Richard Tater.*





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